

The TATLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 2000

London
October 25, 1939



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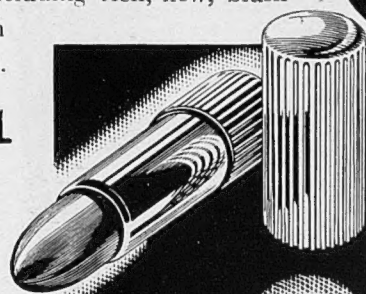
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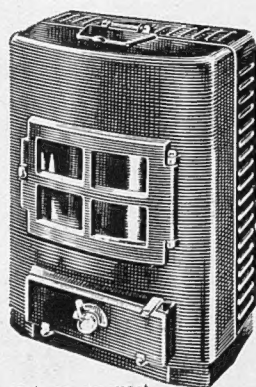
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THESE PEOPLE

By Marjory Hessel Tiltman

A young diplomat in Tokyo is left gasping by the intricacies of the oriental mind and thereby finds true romance.

WINGS OF WRATH

By Dale Collins

A millionaire's daughter sets her heart on marriage and by subtle means gets her father's consent.

A FAVOUR TO OLD VIENNA

By John Haggart

Two survivors of the old regime help two young people to escape from Nazi persecution ... and find happiness in their sacrifice.

THE SPLIT SECOND

By C. Patrick Thompson

This enthralling article shows the speed-up that has occurred in every walk of life.

BEAUTY SECRETS

By Chrysis

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The TATTLER

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POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 2d. Price One Shilling



Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA

This beautiful portrait was taken at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of Princess Paul's last visit to this country. Her Royal Highness is the eldest of the three daughters of Prince Nicholas of Greece, and sister to the Duchess of Kent who visited her in Yugoslavia shortly before the outbreak of war. Princess Olga was married to Prince Paul in 1923, and he became Regent of Yugoslavia during the minority of King Peter after the assassination in Marseilles of King Alexander in 1934. They have three children, two born in this country



LT. AND MRS. S. CARRINGTON SMITH AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT WARE

The church was Great Amwell, Ware, and the bridegroom who is a subaltern in the 7th Battalion of the county regiment, is the only son of the late Mr. George Smith of Stafford House, Broxbourne and of Mrs. George Smith of Woodhay, Hoddesdon, Herts. The bride, the former Miss Ursula Foljambe, is the daughter of Major the Hon. Bertram and Mrs. Foljambe. Major Foljambe is a half brother of the Earl of Liverpool and served throughout the last war

"For it is not for glory, riches, nor honour that we fight, but for freedom alone, which no good man lets go save with his life."

The Scottish Barons to the Pope in 1320

IN Mr. James Fergusson's scholarly little life of William Wallace, numerous parallels spring to mind between the aggressions of Edward I, who villified the Scots, then fell on them (which Plantagenet technique was already *vieux jeu*) and what has happened in our day. Edward's general summons for yet another campaign was couched in terms which "in their curiously modern defence of aggression by accusing the injured subject of it of a similar design," recall vividly the Nazi method. Another patent fact arises, namely, given forces of approximately equal valour, those with the better machines win. In 1298, the new long bow won the Battle of Falkirk for the English. The new French guns and English planes will win today, because they are better, though the nightmare thought of a secret frightfulness up Germany's sleeve is hardly conducive to peaceful slumber. Ze bluff? I think not. The daily Press, having taken up the cudgels against those bluffs and extravagances which appalled this

And the World Said—

MISS GHISLAIME DRESSSELHUYS *Harlip*

Lady Kemsley's daughter by her former marriage is in London doing war work, as is also her mother who is Chairman of *The Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, which is under the direct patronage of the heads of the three fighting services

SOCIETY AND THE STAGE
DO THEIR BIT IN CONSORT

Lady Milford Haven and Miss Joan Swinstead, the talented young actress who has an important part in the second issue of the *Gate Revue* at the Ambassadors. The picture was taken at their London Ambulance Station. Lady Milford Haven is the mother of the present marquess and is the former Countess Nadejda de Torby

column, may achieve something. By comparing the A.R.P. accounts of different boroughs, one famous morning penn'orth has fairly torn it! But Auntie Times put Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's constructive criticism of the unimaginative Budget on the duds page, not where its common-sense merited. *A-propos* the rash of brass hats in priority Daimlers which I described rolling up to the Savoy Grill, you must listen to this one. A well-known office building has become the abode of certain military panjandrums who evidently appreciate the safety of the enormously expensive shelters underneath, for they have caused the appearance of a new electric bell near the lifts. Listen carefully children—when the sirens sound, the doors of the said building close. The fear of being shut out was too much for the brave brassies, hence the bell system. Having sped through the streets to the accompaniment of warnings, these gentlemen will fling themselves on a secret panel. This clicks with the new bell within, indicating to the wardens that valuable lives are at stake. Pétain's "*Ils ne passeront pas*" having been translated as "THEY will pass in," the doors are shut again. Presumably civilian occupants who may be caught outside will have to find a better 'ole. Personally I hope the new bell fuses as it would be amusing to watch the

braves, their backsides to the shiny target Thames, and their yellow faces to the cliffs of reinforced concrete, beating puny fists against steel doors—epic by Bateman out of Kipling.

* * *

Many have commented on the weakness of making Sir John Gilmour Minister of Shipping; the excellence of Captain Harold Balfour's appointment did not receive the same prominence. The "flying Member for Thanet" is to co-ordinate air effort in Canada. As he knows Canada well and aviation better, it is almost too good to be true. Nice looking, efficient, intelligent, humorous and virile, his popularity in the great dominion is assured. His elder brother is in business there. They inherit stamina and vitality from their young-looking mother, a Welsh lady who is a granddaughter of General Lord Napier of Magdala. Incidentally, Lord Donegall was misinformed; Harold Balfour has flown himself at least once in the interim between the German wars, unless the plane out of which I saw him step solo at an air rally in 1930 possessed supernatural powers. H. B. can be spared from the House for this infinitely important job; there are plenty of talkie members and ministers. Yet these routine minds and mouths retain a measure of individuality. Like vague people at art exhibitions, they know what they like, and the reverse, but they usually give new arrivals an indiscriminating hand, so the subdued *claque* to which Mr. Hugh Molson made his bow was most unusual, though not comparable with the pin-drop atmosphere which prevailed when the sitting-pretty Member for Marylebone took his seat. Watching the High Peak introduction was the beautiful Mrs. Ian Campbell with a violet *filet* on her hair, to

war, who scrubbed hospital floors in 1918 instead of coming out. Her youngest sister, Mrs. Sherman Stonor, is looking forward to a second baby, and her god-daughter, Lady Gormanston, hoping for an heir. Lord Gormanston's

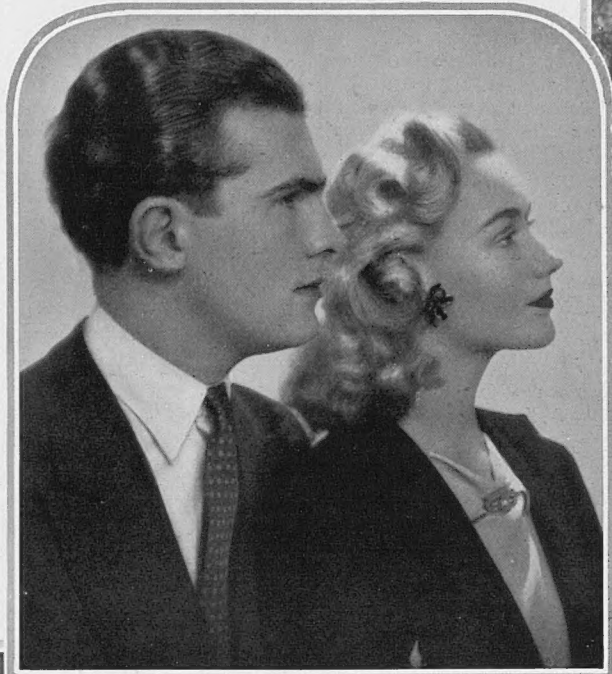


OXFORD CEREMONY

Among those at the ceremony of the re-election of Oxford's Vice-Chancellor, Professor G. S. Gordon, were Miss Greer, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, and Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Regius Professor of Medicine, who is also a Physician in Ordinary to the King

sister, Mrs. Peter Lunn, and the Duke of Bedford's granddaughter-in-law, Lady Howland, are also doing their duty in the New Year. The Ducas' two babies are entertaining the fascinating baby daughter of the Minister for Economic Warfare and Mrs. Ronald Cross in Wiltshire, where American "Bobby" shares a shoot with Lord Ebury during the latter's leave from anti-aircraft. When Mr. "Charlie" Mills got two days' leave, his shootin' pals were asked to help kill five thousand pheasants. Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis was one who did his best to comply. He set off from the Jermyn-Bury front, where the

lovelies of two decades were lunching, including Lady George Scott with brother; Mrs. John Dewar with daughter (greeting Lord Fitzwilliam on Quaglino's steps); Mrs. "Archie" Campbell with Mrs. June Portman; Mrs. Michael Stratton with Mrs. "Dolla" Homan; Mrs. "Ben" Bathurst (excellent red swagger coat) and Lady Stable; and the beautiful Mrs. David Walker-Heneage with her husband who recently succeeded his father as the Squire of Coker Court, Yeovil. Hers is the most beautiful face in England, but having always avoided sensational clothes and shoddy friendships, she does not make much news. Possessing a generous nature, which fails to take itself seriously, no amount of admiration leads Jane Heneage into behaving like a conscious beauty, and, unless the woman plays up, the Press and the gorgeous boys and girls do not play her up. A beauty who takes herself seriously has almost as little chance of happiness as a rich woman whose interests are limited to buying jewellery and parasites, husbands included. We all know these women, by their pictures, or their parties. An American who gets a lot out of life by giving to those who are unable to supply the usual *quid pro quo* is Mrs. "Tony" Gillson, better remembered by the Riviera as "Dickie" Dickerson. The godmother of "her" village, Cornwall Kingham, where she has had the cottages re-thatched and fitted with bathrooms, "Dickie" is not only giving her own newly-decorated house as a convalescent home, but paying to prepare it, and with the equalitarian spirit rarely shown by Americans in Europe, has stipulated patients must be men, not officers. Lady Leon, seen lunching at Claridge's, where there is a rush of Glengarries to the head, with velvet ribbons



MR. AND MRS. DESMOND REID

The marriage of Miss Anne Paget to Mr. Desmond Reid has been one of the many recent wartime ceremonies. Mrs. Reid is the lovely daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock, Roehampton, and Mr. Reid the son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. P. L. Reid, of Thorpe Mandeville Manor, Banbury. He is now in the army

match her violet eyes. To match her wit is more difficult. She was much taken with the Speaker's "spaniels' ears." To "Isn't he wonderful, he's always right," her Alice-in-Washington come-back was "It's easy to be always right when you know no one can hear a word you say." Also adorning the Gallery was Mrs. "Bobby" Ducas, an amusing veteran of the 1914-1918



THE HON. PAMELA STANLEY

Like so many other well-knowns, Lord Stanley of Alderley's sister is in V.A.D. uniform. She is working at a Chelsea first-aid post. Miss Stanley has made a career for herself on the stage, notable among her performances being that as Queen Victoria in *Victoria Regina* at the Lyric Theatre

And the World said—*continued*

to the nape (plum on Lady Worthington-Evans') is running a hospital for evacuated children. There was none available in her area, so she converted a farmhouse and is coping with seasonable illnesses, often sitting up nights. And she has their houseful of step-daughter-in-law Kay Hammond with Sir George's grandchildren, Lady Standing and others. Lunching with her was Mrs. George Ismay, ex-"Dot" Shurey, sister of the second Mrs. Critchley. The Turkish Military Mission, the Hugh de Rougemonts, and Hungarian-born Mrs. Walter Payne, whose husband is chairman of Moss Empires, were also in the Crillon of London.

The stage is doing its bit to entertain the troops and the civvies. I saw Delysia and Co. rehearse *French for Love*, quite a pleasing little comedy, admirably acted, which has moved in to the Criterion, but the dramatic critics, Brother Agate excepted, appear to have retired to the Café Royal for the duration. Surely it's their caviare to tell us what's on. The Old Vic is at Streatham Hill. Sadler's Wells is wide open. There is a pretentious Priestley at the Westminster. Methinks this author has a message which is fatal. Golders Green Hippodrome (*Geneva* up-to-date) and Richmond don't advertise, which is short-sighted because they have the best plays and we want them. I told you something about the Gillie Potter show and the *Little Non-Stop*. A new edition of the *Gate Revue* is at the Ambassadors. At the Palladium the Crazy Gang had a riotous first night with the Weldons in the stalls.

As Brother Bott is writing *Wartime au lieu de Entertainments à la Carte*, I shall advise you to take tube or bus to Notting Hill Gate where at the tiny Mercury, poet Ashley Dukes' goodly company does poet Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*. This ignoramus had not seen or read this lovely piece before. There are two "fine women," as the Boy calls them; Widow Quin played by handsome Elspeth March from Malvern, and Moya Devlin of the Abbey is Pegeen Mike in her red petticoat. Distinguished Irish actors in the cast include the O'Rorke of Breda (modestly billed as Breda O'Rorke) and Harry Hutchinson. As the Boy, John Chandos might be better, for when his lines run to wondrous poetry, he gabbles, and at no time is his cheerful countenance in keeping with Christy Mahon's wild and feckless image. For the same reason he must never play Hamlet. But he has directed well and is going to direct Machiavelli's *Mandragora*, the Mercury's next production. I wish they would do *Marroubone Lane*; a first play by yet another doctor—Robert Collis—whom Dublin compares with Sean O'Casey. If you feel safer at a *matinée* there are three, and the Silver Grill in Notting Hill Gate (where Major C. Nicholson of the W.O. was lunching)

is on the spot, while there is no more agreeable twilight stroll than down Church Street, past half-boarded antique shops, to Kensington for tea. At Kensington's Chanticleer Theatre, *Let's Face It* stars "Dot" Hyson and features Lady Bartlett, the Jersey Lily's dark, impressively self-possessed granddaughter. I hear Flora Robson is the rage in Hollywood, which proves mere prettiness is—well, mere. She was lucky to be directed by Eddie Gouding in *We are Not Alone*, with Paul Muni. British Hollywood misses Heather Thatcher and Isabel Jeans (who is in the new Novello coming to Golders Green at the end of November from wild Wales) and thinks twice about the Charles Laughtons, who kept themselves to themselves in the Garden of Allah pool before his operation. Others bathing there were Edna Best, the John Loders and child, Sophie Stewart of *Marigold* fame, whose brother is the Member for East Fife, and Rex Evans, who is in the next Deanna Durbin, *First Love*. His friend, the big director George Cukor, gave a tea for Dr. Buchman, at which the Oxford Groupers met Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett, Ina Claire, Lilian Gish, and other stars. My correspondent adds obliquely, "there were no results." Americans, especially in Hollywood, are not so embarrassed by religious phenomena as the British, but the young advertising agent to whom Dr. Buchman said "Very glad to meet you—you sell space and I sell Christ" was deeply shocked, and no wonder. The world is sorely in need of a religious revival, but the Group attracts a rather hysterical type and offends the rest. Yet because of the war people are in the mood to talk of universal topics, and from this at least some good may come. Not that gossip is superannuated. The

débutantes are agog with rumour that Miss Pauline Winn is engaged, while in Paris the engagement of golfer Lally Vagliano, daughter of "André," to golfer Vicomte de Rafelis-Saint-Sauveur, son of "Jules," is *très bien reçu*, as Mr. Duff-Cooper will be in the States. I gave you advance news of his lectures there, and prophesied in June that Miss Mary Compton would become Mrs. Bernard van Cutsem. But as in war we go to press a week ahead such *coups* are necessarily rare.

Knowing as we do that during this war our blind fellow countrymen will need more than ever all the services of the National Institute, the report for the financial year 1939, ended on March 31, is of particular interest. The report deals at some length with the visit of their Majesties, and the extensive tour of inspection which they made under the guidance of Captain Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., who is Chairman of the Executive Council. No one reading the report can fail to be deeply impressed by the magnificent work which is being done by the National Institute for the Blind. The address is 224, 226 and 228 Great Portland Street, and this is mentioned by way of a very broad hint as to what it is you are asked to do.



Yevonde

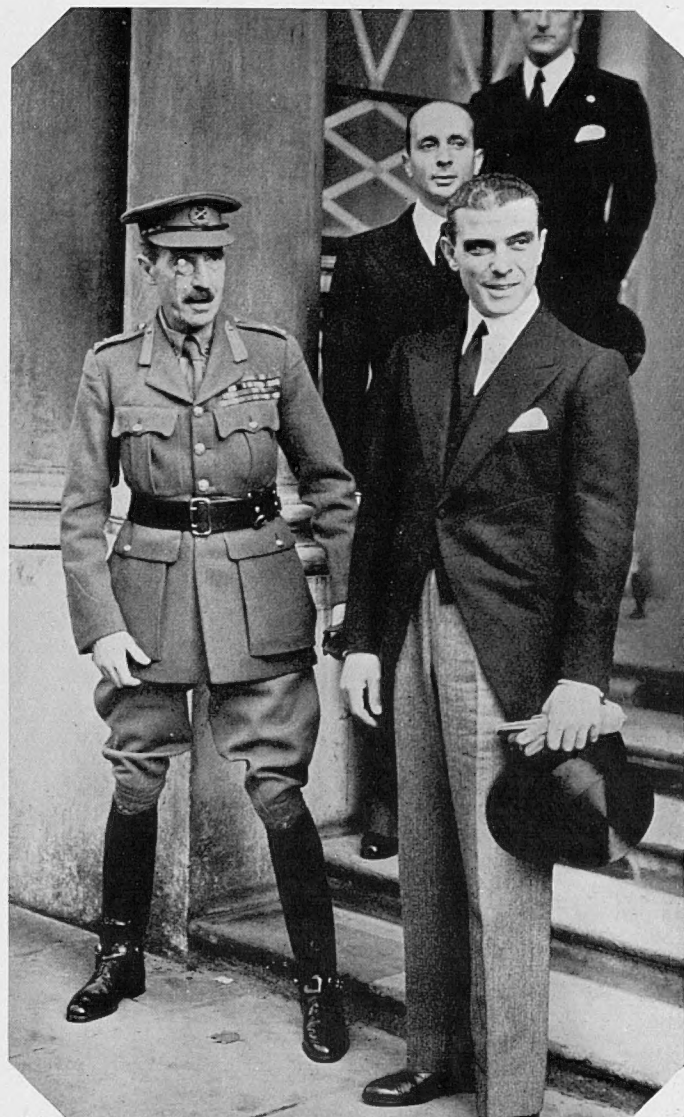
MISS BRIDGET SMILEY WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TODAY
AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

Today's (October 25) bride is the only daughter of the late Captain Hubert Smiley and Mrs. Denton Carlisle and a granddaughter of the very famous K.C., Sir Charles Gill. The bridegroom is St. John Christian, who is in the 60th and who is the only son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian and a nephew of Lord Monsell, the former First Lord of the Admiralty

A WAR DIARY IN PICTURES



THEIR MAJESTIES AT AUSTRALIA HOUSE; WITH THEM LADY McCANN, WIFE OF THE AGENT-GENERAL



H.E. SIGNOR BASTIANINI WITH (LEFT) LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR SIDNEY CLIVE



SECOND LIEUTENANT AND MRS. JOHN MILNER BAILEY WHO WERE MARRIED LAST WEEK

Their Majesties' visit to Australia House, headquarters of the Australian Women's Voluntary Organization, was followed by a similar inspection at Canada House, and later by visits to the New Zealand, South Africa and India Houses. Lady McCann, who is seen showing their Majesties examples of the work of the A.W.V.S., is the wife of Sir Charles McCann, Agent-General for South Australia. Signor Bastianini's appointment as Italian Ambassador to London, is held to be an event of the happiest augury. He is seen leaving for Buckingham Palace to present his credentials. Sir Sidney Clive has been Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps since 1934. Second Lieutenant J. M. Bailey is Sir Abe Bailey's son and heir, and his bride is the former Miss Muriel Mullens. The Q.M.G. to the Forces has as busy a job as Moses, and has to supply the troops with everything from buttons to bombs



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WALTER VENNING, THE Q.M.G. TO THE FORCES



SPENCER TRACY AND WALT DISNEY—POLO FANS

A picture at the Will Rogers Memorial Field in Hollywood. They are both keen on the polo game. Spencer Tracy's most recent is *Stanley and Livingstone*, which we have all been seeing recently at our Gaumont Theatre. We see Walt Disney's marvellous handiwork every day, everywhere—pretty nearly

SOME little time ago, driving through Pirbright, I was astonished to see an enormous granite monolith among the stones of a humble churchyard. I was sufficiently curious to stop the car, get out, and examine the inscription, which ran as follows:

HENRY MORTON
STANLEY
BULA MATARI
1841-1904
AFRICA

I was all the more impressed because at the time, I had just gone to live at Barnet, in that little Queen Anne house on Hadley Green, in which David Livingstone lived in 1857. H. M. Stanley has been a hero of mine ever since I was a boy, when I was laid up on a sofa for three weeks, and given his "In Darkest Africa" to read. I think I admire him now even more than I did then, and anybody who wants to find reasons for that admiration, could not do better than read A. J. A. Symons's short biography of Stanley, published in Duckworth's "Great Lives" series. There were two points about Stanley—his unlikeableness and the ill-fortune which dogged him throughout his life. To begin with, his name was not Stanley, but John Rollant. He was a little Welsh boy, who, at the age of six, was lodged in the St. Asaph Union Workhouse. He was, for a long time, victim of the workhouse master, an ex-collier, who ended a sadistic career in lunacy. After nine years of ill-treatment little Rollant, or Rowlands as he was then called, ran away to sea. At New Orleans he fell in with a good-natured, childless old gentleman who adopted him and re-named him Henry Morton Stanley. His foster-father dying, Stanley went to the American Civil War, deserted, and returned to England where he found himself not wanted. Returning to America he became war correspondent for the *New York Herald*, where a temporary run of luck and his own force of character enabled him to achieve a brilliant and outstanding success. Even now he knew the nature of the path before him. He writes: "When I pray for a man, it happens that at that moment he is cursing me; when I praise, I am slandered; if I command, I am reviled; if I feel affectionate or sympathetic towards one, it is my fate to be detested or scorned by him." And at the same time he could write in a letter to a friend: "I mean by self-denial, by indefatigable energy, to become my own master and that of others. Pleasure

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"Stanley and Livingstone"

cannot blind me, cannot lead me astray from the path I have chalked out. I am so much my own master that I am master over my own passions. So long as my life lasts, I feel myself so much master of my own fortune that I can well understand Caesar's saying to the sailors: 'Nay, be not afraid, for you carry Caesar and his fortunes.'"

Add to all this Stanley's almost Scotch capacity for seeing things as they are: "The Maxim gun will be invaluable for civilizing the heathen." And he saw in the Congo a market for the discarded uniforms of club servants! Well, what happened? He found Livingstone, and was told by the Royal Geographical Society that he was a liar. He rescued Emin Pasha, who did not particularly want to be rescued and was lionized by the whole of Europe, only to be universally cold-shouldered when, six months later, the famous tragedy of the rear column was revealed. Whether Stanley ought to have left that column to fend for itself, and whether the officers left in charge fended as well as they could, will always be debated. Anyhow, Stanley, who refused to give an inch, fell into disgrace. His workhouse origin was now brought up against him. Here Stanley was magnificent. One Thomas George wrote to Stanley, saying he had written a biography of him asserting that the explorer was really George's old schoolmate, Howell Jones, of Bwlchmelyn. Stanley replied: "Your letter has been received. Further than this acknowledgment I do not know that I have anything to add, excepting that you are at liberty, so far as I am concerned, to

do whatever you think your duty prompts you to." George then produced his misleading book and offered to send a copy to Stanley, who replied: "I shall have no objection to receive a copy of the 'biography,' provided, of course, that it is no inconvenience to you to send it."

Stanley entered Parliament, was not impressed, and retired. He took a house at Pirbright, enjoyed it for a fortnight, and died. He had desired to be buried in Westminster Abbey. The dean would not allow it. England to her shame, had no use for Stanley. Needless to say, the film at the Gaumont, *Stanley and Livingstone*, exhibits nothing whatever of all this. It begins and ends with Livingstone's rescue. To do him justice, Mr. Spencer Tracy, as Stanley, tries hard to be dour and unlikeable with not very much success. Also he interlards the log of his journey with references to the bright eyes of a young lady, who while he is in the thick of the African forest, marries somebody else. A herd of giraffes, and another of hippopotami alike, remind him that beyond Livingstone are the eyes of his well-beloved! Livingstone is our old friend Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who jumps up and down in front of a nigger congregation, behaving like a pier master in an attack of revivalist frenzy. There is no suggestion in the film that Livingstone was the greatest explorer and discoverer since Columbus. The whole thing ends with the well-beloved, who has married somebody else, assuring Stanley that the mantle of Livingstone has fallen on him. Nothing could be less true. Stanley was out to discover Livingstone, the man; he achieved this purpose. Never at any time had he any use for the mantle.

J. A.

ON IN LONDON NOW.

The West End is waking up again. By means of gradual concessions, the Government has enabled a fair proportion of the cinemas to stay open until 10 o'clock and the film fan need not wait for film fare. Among the more interesting of the films now on in the West End are the following:

Academy—*Professor Mamlock*;
Berkeley—Fernandel in *Ignace*;
Empire—Edward G. Robinson in *Blackmail*;
Gaumont, Haymarket—Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in *Stanley and Livingstone*;
London Pavilion—Ann Sheridan in *Winter Carnival*;
Odeon, Leicester Square—Anna Neagle in *Nurse Cavell*.

WARTIME SALES

AT NEWMARKET



MR. KEITH FRASER AND
MISS GILLIAN MARSTON



MR. T. WATT—WARTIME
AUCTIONEER



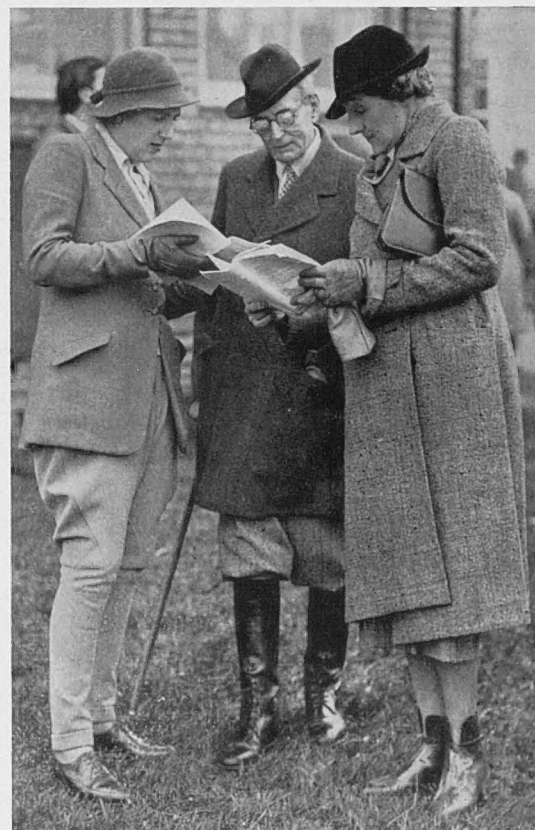
MRS. VAN CUTSEM WITH
MR. HENRY CECIL



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD, THE DUCHESS
OF NORFOLK AND MR. HARRY COTTRILL

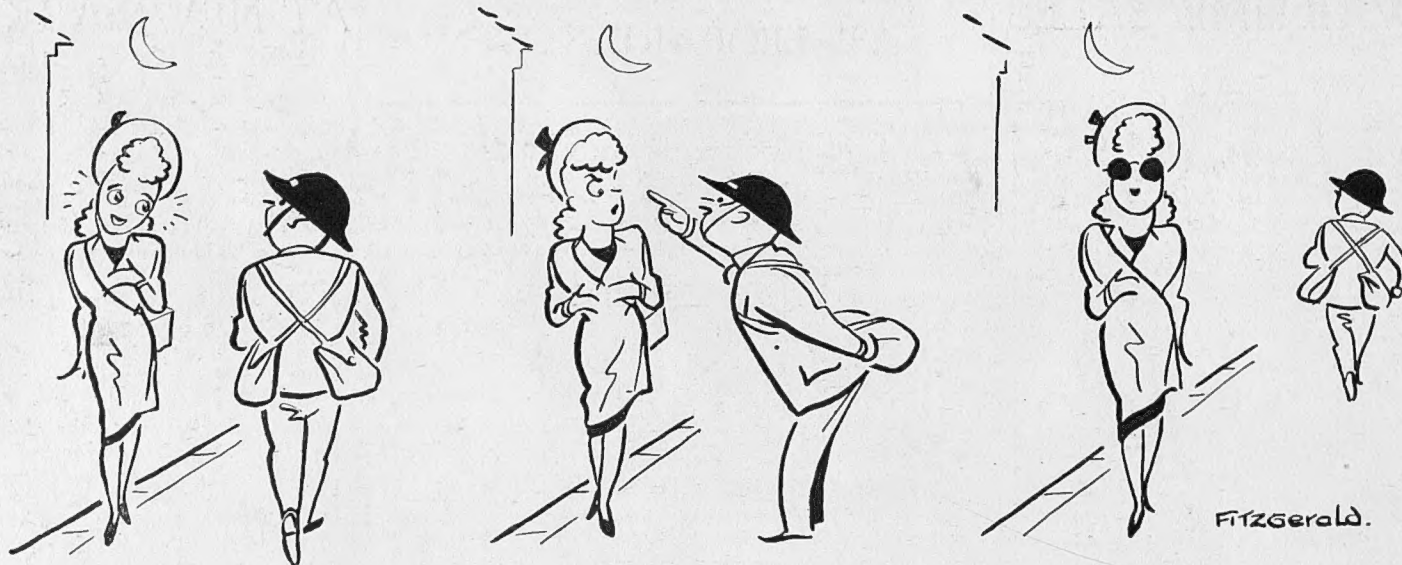


MRS. CAYZER AND
LORD FINGALL



THE HON. MRS. VANDY BEATTY, THE
HON. GEORGE AND MRS. LAMBTON

The first yearling sales at Newmarket were marked by a definite air of bloody war, as perhaps it was only natural that they should be, and even the auctioneer was in the war paint and wampum. No information is to hand at the time of going to press whether when Mr. Watt was hit by the camera tracer bullet he was saying: "Wait FOR it!" or "Jump to it!" Prices were not extraordinary, and tops were Lady James Douglas's colt by Fairway, 1,550 gns., and a bay colt by Bahram from the Beech House Stud, 1,500 gns. These were the only four-figure transactions. Mr. Harry Cottrill seen with two charming regulars, Her Grace of Norfolk and the wife of the joint-Master of the Middleton, the former Miss Rose Primrose, paid 100 gns. for a nice colt by Coronach, property of Sir Charles Pulley, and the Hon. George Lambton let us hope, got a bargain when he had to pay only 70 gns. for a brown colt by Figaro. Lord Fingall, back in uniform again and presumably now only a mechanical cavalryman, was the 17th's star G.R. when as Lord Killeen he used to ride so many winners



THE BLACKOUT

AT no time are the horrors of war more vividly brought home to one than in pouring rain in a blackout, in London. With a view to lightening our own depression, two of us, disguised in tuxedos further to forget the war, attended the new Crazy Show at the Palladium. Inside all was as lighthearted as ever. Strong men in battle suits sang the chorus of the most fatuous songs ever written and the bar was crowded with scores of acquaintances inhaling from diminutive glasses which had been slightly damped with music-hall brandy. Stepping straight from this scene of gaiety into the darkness of Egypt, with rain coming down in stair-roads, there was not a taxi to be had for love or money, not that we had either. As a bus rushed by, we boarded it with the idea of getting to within running distance of the Café de Paris, but after stopping opposite the Café Royal the damn thing swallowed the poker and the driver never got a pull at it till we got to Charing Cross. From here it is a mere ten minutes' run to the Four Hundred, where my friend, being wet through, rang up to cancel a date which I gathered ranked upsides in importance with Magna Charta or 1066.

In these days of quick transport by air, car and train, it is hard to accustom oneself to the methods of travelling of our fathers or forefathers. One has grown to look on it as a hardship to motor twenty miles to a meet and the equivalent of chain-gang labour to ride even half that distance home. Non-stop trains with cocktail bars and cinema cars have spoilt us for wartime train journeys, except those who, living on the line between Liverpool Street and Newmarket, have been accustomed to get out at one station walk to the next, have dinner, and pick up the same train as it came by. Bicycles are at a premium, a method of progression only slightly preferable to walking on all fours over broken bottles, buggies, phaetons, tub carts and dog carts are hard to find while the harness for them is nearly unprocurable, and broken harness-horses as extinct as the Führer's direct line. In this connexion during the last war a yearling was bought at Newmarket sales for a few sovereigns by, I think, a sporting butcher and driven in a buggy as a two-year-old. With the outbreak of peace his owner ran him in a three-year-old selling hurdle, won it, and let him go to

a gentleman who ran him in a selling on the flat, won it, and let him go to myself and two other war gratuity plutocrats. I am assured that 80 per cent of the labour for the husbanding of the California potato crops is recruited from gentlemen who have bought a bank that has run twice, but on this occasion Mudeford Rex, for such was his name, duly obliged the third time. Starting at the noble price of 6 to 1 in the two-thirty selling race at Ayr, he won as far as you can throw a cricket ball. With a "monkey" invested on him

(with a sufficiently credulous bookmaker), in my name, my two partners never left my side for a moment, shepherding me over street crossings and downstairs, with the assiduity of a Barbara Hutton baby minder, till the arrival of the first post on the Monday. The horse afterwards went to India, where he won plenty of races for my two partners, finishing up by winning two days in succession, they having backed him to bring off the double with 2,000 rupees, borrowed off a "Shroff" at 70 per cent!!!

If any reader would care to emulate these feats, I have a two-year-old for which I would far, far sooner obtain a good home rather than a high price, who, from his performances on a racecourse, should make an admirable station trapper for any one who lives under five furlongs from the station. Hacking for all purposes will no doubt become more popular, though I cannot visualize any one of the present day attempting the doings of Squire Osbaldeston. I read in the story of his life that on one occasion, after a dinner-party, on the slenderest evidence of the form of the lady's gratitude, he rode forty miles each way to get her an orchid for the after-dinner ball, and owing to the tolerance of those days was not incarcerated in a home for the mentally deficient. Can you see yourself bicycling even as far as Woking Cemetery to gather a posy of flowers for the most starry-eyed of film "walk-ons."

For myself, I am rendered immobile till the 22nd with the car mercifully garaged; unlike a friend of mine who, basing the consumption of his "flivver" on normal petrol, ran dry five miles from home and passed by scores of people who would sooner give a blood transfusion than a gallon of petrol, was forced to lock it up and leave it beside the road presumably for the duration.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



Poole, Dublin

SEEN AT LEOPARDSTOWN

All smiles. Sir James Nelson, whose name pretty nearly spells racing in Ireland and elsewhere, and Lieutenant-Colonel Giles Loder, to whom the sobriquet of "Lucky Loder" has stuck like a burr because of Pretty Polly and Spion Kop to name just a brace of his famous horses

IRELAND GOES RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN



MR. AND MRS. REGGIE STERN,
WHO HAD ONE RUNNING



MR. J. H. DE BROMHEAD, M.H.,
MRS. A. H. WATT, AND MRS. BROMHEAD



SIR GEORGE AND
LADY MAHON



THE HON. MR. JUSTICE GEOGHEGAN
AND MRS. GEOGHEGAN



MISS DENISE ST. GEORGE SMITH
AND MR. CYRIL MCCORMACK



MR. MICHAEL COLLINS AND CAPTAIN
CHARLES MOORE

That pleasant spot, Leopardstown, was suitably crowded when these pictures were taken, the crowd, as ever, being mainly composed of the "huntin', racin', and 'chasin'" fraternity, but from all accounts the contest with the ring was not extremely successful. As to our picture-gallery, Mr. Reggie Stern is a pretty useful G.R. and polo player. Mrs. Stern's "Highland Witch" ran third in the Tower Maiden Hurdle race. Mr. Bromhead, in the picture alongside, is Master of the Gaultier Harriers, a sporting little pack down Waterford way, and he is also addicted to doing the dangerous between the flags. Mrs. "Huby" Watt is carrying on the Mastership of the United whilst her husband, Major Watt, goes battle-fighting for the duration. Sir George Mahon is a figure in the great banking house of Guinness, Mahon and Co., and his pretty wife is a daughter of the famous medicine-man, the late Dr. Walter Jagger. Mr. Justice Geoghegan is one of the most popular of Eire's judiciary, and is a former Minister for Justice. Mr. Cyril McCormack is a son of the golden-voiced Count, who is also a racing owner, and Captain Charles Moore, as most people know, is His Majesty's racing manager

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Religion and Dancing.

CIVILISATION, like God, lies within us: when we look for either, or both, outside ourselves, the truth must be confessed that we come face to face with too many revolting contradictions of our ideal. So the man or woman whose real life is not lived alone and enjoyed in solitude is in these days a prey to disillusion amounting to despair. For the truth is that there is nothing to look forward to. Not for ourselves; for our children's children—maybe. I know we have long been told that to live happily is to live from day to day, and we have accepted that philosophy as containing at least the germ of true logic. But logic is always so much nicer in theory or on paper; it is when we have, in spite of our wish-thinking and our dreams, to put it into actual practice in our daily lives that the tragedy lies. There remain then only our dreams to keep us sane; or as near sane as the insanity of mankind permits. It would be well for all of us if each had such a refuge—as, in parenthesis, most of us have. So that the lady who, in her enforced seclusion, insists that she is the Queen of Sheba is, perhaps, someone to be envied. She must be getting through her life fairly comfortably just now; providing her belief is unshakable. In these days, anyway. To such a pass has modern civilisation brought us that we have to envy people their illusions!

Well, well! Only, unfortunately, you cannot force pleasant illusions upon yourself. Like the plaintive cry of the churches to the people begging them to come back to the fold—either they will come voluntarily or they will continue to stay away. Faith is not a question of turning on a spiritual tap. I have just finished reading an autobiography, however, in which the religious spring flowed like a river zigzagging this way and that all over the years; continuously searching for the metaphorical sea wherein it could find its happiness in losing its identity; which is another way some people have of finding the final answer to all spiritual perplexity. And, strangely enough, it is the autobiography of a dancer! Though, of course, I do not mean that it is strange when a dancer has spiritual perplexities. I mean that the usual autobiographies of dancers concern life spent, so to speak, on the toes and not in the temples. Perhaps the present generation only remembers the name of Ruth St. Denis as it remembers the names of Maud Allen and Isadora Duncan—dancers whom Daddy talks about. Yet in her way she influenced the art of dancing as largely in her time as Isadora did—though its effect is less apparent nowadays. It was an art much less appropriate to the education of little children and to the easily affected posturing of young women. It was Eastern dancing interpreted for Western minds by an American artist.

Reading Ruth St. Denis's autobiography, "An Unfinished Life" (Harrap; 15s.), we realise that the mind behind her art was the religious mind. Well, almost certainly, all creative art has a religious inspiration behind it. Here, then, is the life-story of a famous dancer told in conjunction with her spiritual experiments. Her career began in a booth and ended in incense. Personally, I like the combination, because I am always interested in people's struggles to find peace in some kind of faith. Again, I like it because, although perhaps it tells us too much at too great a length about what the writer has been thinking, I prefer it to the autobiography which tells us nothing about the writer except what he or she has been doing. Also, it tells the story of the hard inner and outer struggle of a creative artist to express herself in her art. Miss St. Denis was born on a farm: her father was an inventor whose inventions apparently died at birth; her mother, a qualified doctor, was a woman of strong character who,

in her youth, must have been remarkably handsome. The story of how this little country girl eventually became famous as an interpreter of the Oriental mind through the dance is a strange narrative. A mixture of hard work, high ambitions, triumph and failure, perpetual traveling; the whole tale highly coloured by love and religion and an unremitting search for that answer to the life's inner secret which alone



MR. AND MRS. YEHUDI MENUHIN
SNAPPED IN 'FRISCO

It was stated in America when this picture was taken that "the wizard of the strings" expected to become a father on the very day when he appeared at his forty-fourth concert at the Memorial Opera House in San Francisco. It is probable, therefore, that the great event has now happened. Mrs. Menuhin is an Australian, and was Miss Nola Nicholas



LADY KERR CLARK KERR

The pretty Chilean wife of the British Ambassador to China snapped aboard the s.s. "Santa Lucia," en route from Valparaiso to rejoin her husband in China. Before her marriage in 1929, Lady Kerr Clark Kerr was Doña Maria Teresa Diaz Salas, of Santiago de Chile

brings individual peace. It is all very intense.

Even as a young girl, she writes: "'Anything—anything!'" was the cry in these days to keep my imagination and energies occupied." There were many love-affairs in which the love never seemed to develop into an affair. There was her marriage to the famous dancer, Ted Shawn, and the eventual jealousy between them as to which should be billed in larger letters. Consequently, an estrangement arose, not from any incompatibility of temperament so much as an ambitious rivalry in the same way of art. "Ted and I brought to the whole problem of marriage two fairly well-developed individuals," she confesses. "But in our attraction for each other, where there appeared to be two, there were in reality four beings to be adjusted and unfolded. Four distinct people were found in the circle of our marriage. The masculine in me and the feminine in Ted were as much alive and needing to be expressed as the physical man and woman which the world saw. . . . Though these 'four' people were in constant relation and activity, which meant a deep and enduring comradeship of the spirit and a fairly good level of artistic accomplishment, yet neither of us provided that particular stimulus of emotional contrasts which produced creative beauty. Thus we were to find from time to time, even during the years of our marriage and in the midst of great confusion and suffering, release in other personalities than our own."

Her own mind sought comfort in the Eastern religions and philosophies. India, China, Japan, Egypt seemed to call her alternately, and Christian Science gave way to a study of Buddhism. As a human document it is psychologically interesting, because it reveals once again how close is the link between creative beauty and sex, religion

(Continued on page 110)



"THE ONE FRESH FIGURE OF FIRST MAGNITUDE ARISING OUT OF THE GENERATION WHICH WAS RAVAGED BY THE WAR"—AND FAMILY

In the above ready phrase Mr. Winston Churchill described the subject of our picture in a speech he delivered in the House of Commons after Mr. Eden's resignation from the Foreign Secretaryship. Mr. Eden's appointment as Secretary of State for the Dominions was welcomed to a degree only secondary to the appointment of Mr. Winston Churchill to the Admiralty. Mr. Eden is here seen with his wife, who was, before her marriage, Miss Beatrice Beckett and is a daughter of the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, and his younger son, Nicholas, the elder one, Simon, being at Eton

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

and that sheer emotionalism which also is a manifestation of sex quite often. On the whole, then, it is a very unusual autobiography in which there are many interesting and exciting passages and no restful ones. But, in parenthesis, it is amusing to learn, all the same, how the great artistic, creative and spiritual change in her life came, she tells us, merely through the inspiration of a pictorial advertisement of an Egyptian cigarette!

Thoughts from "An Unfinished Life."

"Oh, the long, long regrets of children who know they have been unloving and ungrateful!"

"If a dancer is born with a quality of rhythm it is as changeless as the timbre of a voice. It is God-given, and can never be attained or lost by any method."

"Idealists in love are always tragic figures. For they are not willing to accept the compromise, the comfortable habit, the half-gods. They demand the full measure of joy."

Like a Brilliant Conversation.

I have often wished I might be able to turn back the hands of Time's clock and be able to revisit some of those famous salons whose conversational brilliance have become historical. I simply cannot imagine how it was done! My own experience is that brilliant conversation never includes a crowd. But in those far-off days a whole roomful of men and women seemed able to be brilliantly conversational at one and the same time; with never a monologue holding up everybody else's intellectual brilliance. Anyway, it is a feat which modern life has completely lost. Bring a lot of famous people together nowadays and the intellectually inspiring result is well within the handshake of being nil. At least, I have found it so—because I refuse to acknowledge that either a long monologue or a debate are related in the smallest way to conversation.

The nearest thing I can imagine the old salons to have been is a few people holding forth in turn rather in the manner of Jacques-Emile Blanche's book, "More Portraits of a Lifetime: 1918-1938" (Dent; 18s.). Here, at any rate, every reader will become the ideal listener, because I cannot imagine anyone reading his book who will wish to interrupt, even to the extent of putting it aside willingly while he gets up to do something else. It is as readable a book as you might wish to pick up, even in these days when books are just about our only refuge and escape. And what is it all about? Well, if you have already read the author's previous book, "Portraits of a Lifetime," you will recognise it as a continuation which brings the personalities and criticisms of events within the past twenty years up to the present day—or very nearly. Art and artists, quite naturally, play an important part in the narrative—or conversation, as I would

prefer to describe it. Literature, too; a fair sprinkling of society's personalities and of politicians; the whole knit into a kind of diary-cum-autobiography which, personally, I found absorbingly interesting from beginning to end. Moreover, I liked so much the kind of personal asides which are inserted in the midst of the criticism and the gossip, which help to make the author so friendly in his relation to his readers.

Such, for example, as when he looks at the portraits of his ancestors: "There are too many ghosts and associations," he complains. "I raise my eyes and look at the portraits of my relations: of you, good people, with your solemn faces whose names are inscribed on the frames, which time has robbed of their gilding and faded like the material on the walls of the room—you seem to whisper to me: 'We have all long since passed through the learner's stage which you have reached, but we are no wiser for that.' I look at them, I question them. I can see you, Sophie-Madeleine, my grandmother, in your forget-me-not and white gauze bonnet of 1830, speaking: 'Be patient; the journey is arduous, but you will see that difficulties always smooth themselves out; it is well worth pursuing your way. As a small child I saw Marie Antoinette, I saw Louis XVI., and later Napoleon; I sang Mehul, and afterwards the romances of Loisa Pujet... and I had Berlioz and Gounod to dine at my table. Wagner admired Gounod's *Faust*: I could not understand *Tannhäuser* at first, but later I learnt to love it. My dear child, you will see how things follow one on another. People think that great changes come,

but it is not really so. Things change less than we do. You and I have much in common; we, your forebears, are reincarnated in our offspring. We all follow the same line in the same rhythm.'"

To repeat, such quietly intimate passages especially are delightful in a book which otherwise is given up to a great extent to interesting encounters with most of the celebrities of art and literature during the last twenty years of our time, with equally delightful hark-backs, so to speak, to those of an earlier occasion; the whole making a most interesting personal monologue which is absorbing to listen to.

Thoughts from "More Portraits of a Lifetime."

"Nature does not alter it; it is our moods that do so under stress of circumstances."

"Geniuses are human beings, though simply more miserable than we are—the one instance of equality."

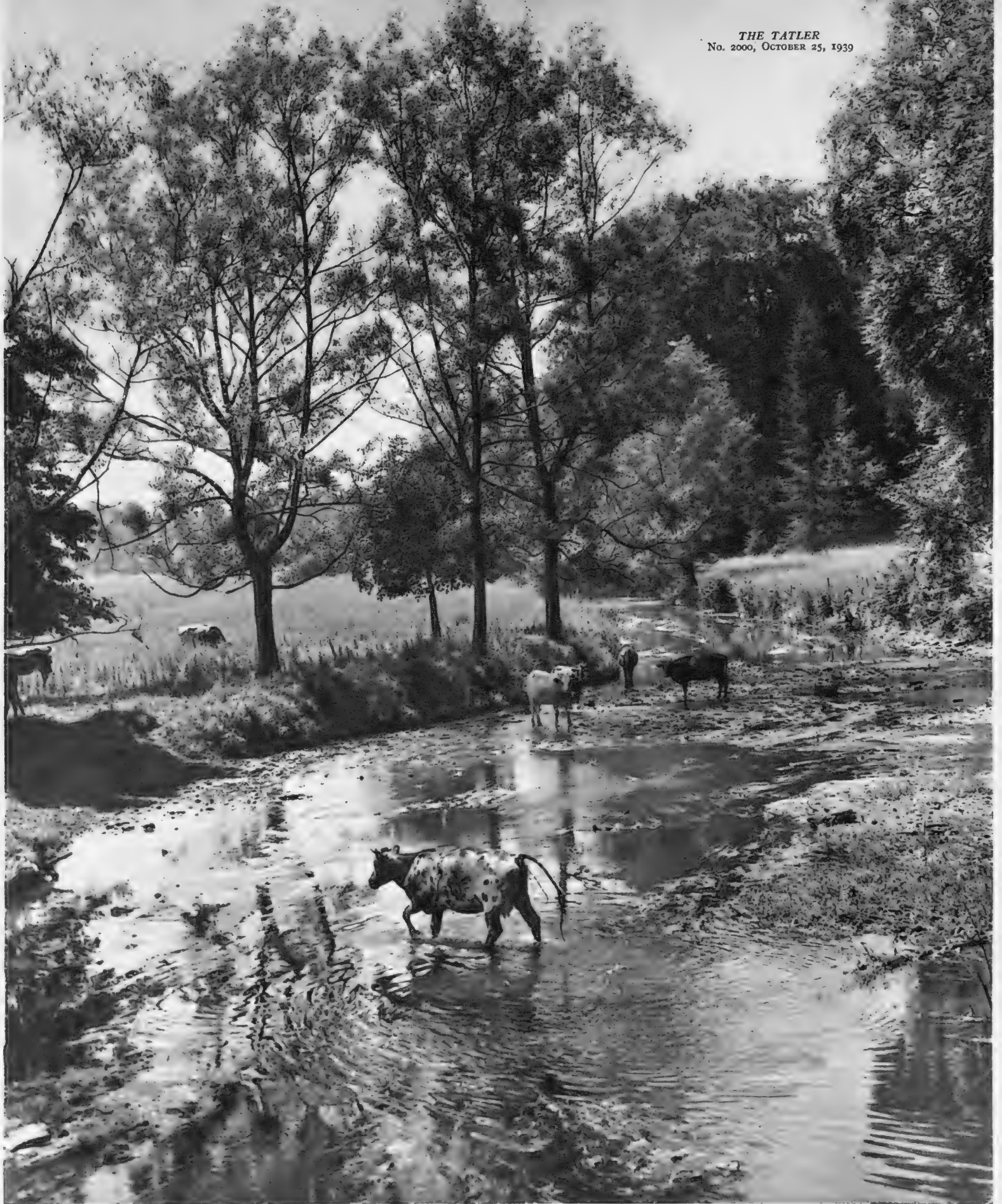
"Nothing strikes me as being more heartrending than the persistence of vitality in the old."

"Where the ordinary man would be blamed, genius goes far to absolve an artist."



"Mum, did Uncle Ben fight in the last war?"

"Yes, dear, he fought and fought... but he had to go in the end."



THIS ENGLAND WE LOVE — A SCENE NEAR HAYFORD, OXFORD

*CAN you hear the sweet wind talking
Idly in the sun-drenched trees?
Silken swirl of cattle walking
Clover-covered to the knees?
The argent dappling of the stream,
A picture spun within a dream.*

*CAN you hear the plover crying
Where the lonely mountains ride,
High against the white mist flying
Softly down ravine and side?
The strength which tells the storms to cease
Their onslaught at the valleys' peace.*

*SO must we, who love its beauty,
Be as bulwarks of our land,
Inspiration find in duty,
Save our prize from sordid hand
In strength and hope and prayer arise,
And guard our English paradise.*

IRIS BICKERSTAFFE

Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

"kick the French out of Germany." I do not understand why any doubt has ever been expressed as to what it is that whoever commands the German Armies has got to do. Von Brauchitsch needs



A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE UNIT OF A LIGHT ARMoured BRIGADE

Like so many others, they were formerly horsed (or real) cavalry, and the Nth Brigade, of which they are a part, is commanded by a dyed-in-the-wool cavalry soldier, Brigadier Evelyn Fanshawe, formerly Bays, and the centre-pin of their famous polo team. This unit is the first regiment in the brigade and in the county to have doubled its numbers to war strength

The full tally of the names in the attractive picture is: (l. to r., back row) Lord Clifton, Lieut. J. C. Kaye, M.M., Lieut. A. C. S. Delmege, Captain A. E. Henson, 2nd Lieut. D. Fraser, Captain J. J. Myles (R.A.M.C.), 2nd Lieut. H. C. M. Stockdale, Lieut. Lord Wimborne, Lieut. D. G. Bevan, Major J. A. Talbot Ponsoby, Captain W. A. Howkins, Lieut. S. Cayzer, Captain F. H. Harris, 2nd Lieut. H. A. Crofts, R. Sheffield, J. Hobson, A. Robinson, F. B. Newbould, R. Grant-Lawson, Lieut. W. R. T. Wingfield, 2nd Lieut. the Hon. P. Brassey, Captain J. W. Pennington, Lieut. Lord Nunburnholme, Major P. de L. Cazenove, Major B. Falkner, Lieut. L. A. Morrison; (second row) Captain Peter Wiggan (Adjutant), Major D. Forster, Major L. H. Cox, Colonel R. M. Raynsford (Secretary, Blankshire T.A. Association), Lieut.-Colonel A. F. G. Renton, O.B.E., M.C., Brigadier Evelyn Fanshawe, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. M. Pelham, Major-General Sir Hereward Wake, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Chairman, Blankshire T.A. Association), Major N. V. Stopford-Sackville, Major Bache Hay, Major R. L. Agnew, Captain R. P. P. Smyly (Adjutant); (on ground) 2nd Lieuts. P. G. Roberts, G. O. SOWELS, Lord Suidale, J. D. Profume, H. V. Phelps, Captain P. F. H. Wykeham, Captain P. Butler-Henderson, 2nd Lieuts. P. W. Phipps, H. S. Bourne, and the Rev. E. T. Lang

THE best war item of the hour is the rumour that the Führer is contemplating taking over command on the Western Front. This sounds too good to be true. If, indeed, Germany's Little Corporal is proposing to attempt to rival the achievements of that other Little Corporal—of whom, no doubt, he is extremely jealous—he will have to do a bit of conjuring. Can we not picture his interview with his present C-in-C. and H.Q. staff and almost hear what he says? "*Achtung! Achtung! Schafskopf!* You know nothing about this *Kriegspiel!* Watch me! I have nothing concealed up my sleeves and nothing in my pockets! Now will any gentleman kindly step up on to the platform and lend me his gold watch? . . . What! Nobody lend me his gold watch? Then a silver watch? No? Then any watch? No again? *Kreuz-verdammt Schweinhund!* You are dismissed and your head from your body will be detached to-morrow at dawn!" He will then produce a pink rat out of a tin pot.

The one thing that the new C-in-C. the German Army need not tell the professional he proposes to supersede is this: the German armies in the west are on too short a front to be able to carry out the orders of the All-Highest Minor—namely, to

no telling. He has got to have more elbow-room to deploy his very considerable forces. The so-called Siegfried Line is a position of great depth. It is, therefore, quite permissible for the Generalissimo of the German Armies to sacrifice depth in formation to obtain a wider stretch of his arms. Those who think that von Brauchitsch contemplates such a foolish thing as a left swing through Switzerland under-rate him. Let us suppose you were on the wrong side of a door, on the other side of which was a man with a very sharp hatchet; would you be such an ass as to bore a small hole and then stick your finger through? What, then, is the answer? I am no prophet, but it is about 2 to 1 on that the German idea will be exactly as it was in 1914—an attempt to envelop the Allied left and, in the process, catch the French troops in the Moselle-Saar pocket. It is not desirable in this heavy fog of war to surmise how safe or otherwise that "dent" in the German line may be. It is certain that the operation was only meant to secure a temporary tactical advantage. This is a very different thing from a strategic advantage. Even Smith Minor, small as may be his knowledge of the dead languages, may remember (1) that old paradigm: *tango*,



MISS EILEEN BENNETT AND THE HON. RICHARD NORTON—
DINING IN TOWN ONE NIGHT

Everyone is glad to find that the Hon. Richard Norton is now sufficiently recovered from that very serious motor-smash to be getting out and about again. Lord Grantley's only son entered the film business as long ago as 1931 with the United Artists Co. Miss Eileen Bennett hardly needs any introduction to the film enthusiast



BANDAGE-MAKING AT FORBES HOUSE: (LEFT) MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL
AND (RIGHT) MISS PEGGY THOMAS

Lord and Lady Granard have turned Forbes House, Halkin Street, into a bandages and hospital supplies "factory," O.C. operations being Mrs. Keith Newall, W.V.S., and she is aided and abetted by a very numerous, most willing, and highly expert army. Above are two of them hard at work, and hard is the word—for the hours on duty are long

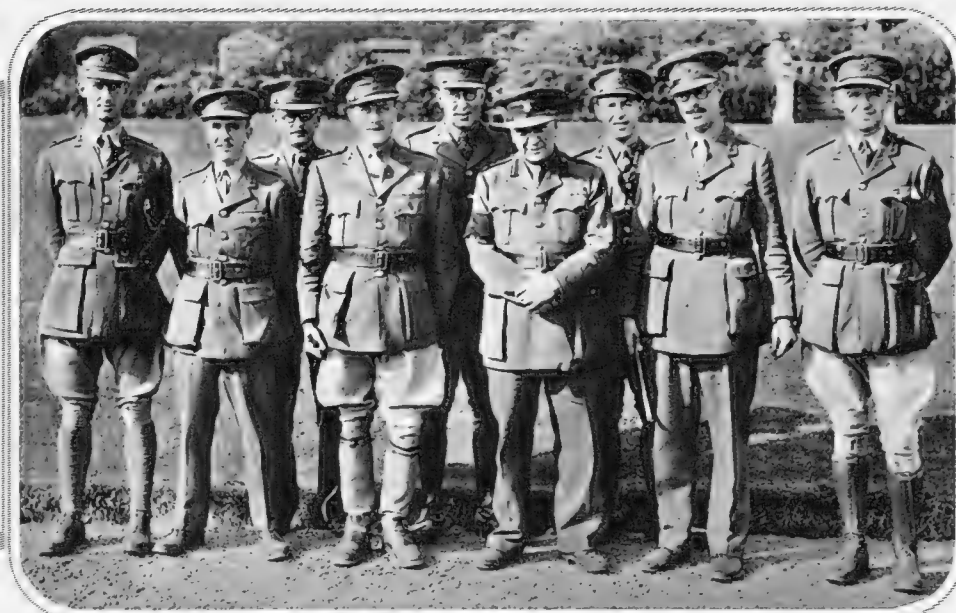
langere, teligi, tactum; and (2) the Greek word, *stratuein*. The former concerns the tip of the other chap's nose—the latter the art of getting on to the right leg to hand him that punch on the point which puts him down for the count. There is, therefore, a wide gulf between a tactical advantage and a strategic one.

How many minutes' purchase will Von Rintelen's life be worth if ever he goes back to Germany, after his having divulged that he told certain persons in this country that he knew Hitler had made up his mind for war in August long before the actual time when he started it?

An eminent mental specialist has just told us that he is certain that Adolf Hitler is mad, and cites incidents as his biting bits out of blankets and suchlike things to prove the case. Personally, I do not believe that anyone cares a tinker's malediction whether Hitler is mad or not, for the harm is now done. The following story is, however, said to have emanated from Prince Lichtenstein, who paid him a more or less recent visit, and it may or may not be true. When the Prince arrived in The Presence, so the yarn goes, he saw two plug-uglies standing behind Hitler's chair, and this did not look quite so hot to the visitor. Shortly afterwards, however, he discovered why they were there. Der Führer, speaking very fast and excitedly, is reported to have said: "The Crown Prince came to see me—business! Carol came to see me—business also! But you come to see me for myself!", and then burst into hysterical tears. The two toughs promptly moved forward and, taking him under the arms, marched him out! This may only be a yarn, but it comes from a Sure Hand.

In all this clutter of talk about new inventions which are to make success in warfare a foregone conclusion, I am proposing to suggest one, of which no one seems to have thought hitherto. We have had suggestions for illuminated cops or slops and for magnetic blimps which would hang bombs and shells up in mid-air like Mahomet's coffin; but it seems to me that the inventors are missing the bus. Why not a patent bomb-catcher fitted with giant wicket-keeping gloves and a powerful spring which, after holding the missile, would chuck it back and hoist the raiding 'plane with its own petard? This seems to me to be quite as feasible an idea as many with which the War Office and the Admiralty are being bombarded at the moment. Both these establishments are terribly busy places, but if either of them cares to hear more about this wicket-keeper idea—well!

It is said that these identification cards, which by now are so familiar an item of our personal equipment, are extremely



Clapperton

SOME OF OUR "GUNMEN" AND OTHERS SOMEWHERE ON THE FRONTIER OF SOMEWHERE

The number and location of this gunner unit are both strictly *verboden*, and so we are reduced to a mere list of names as furnished. They read: (l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. A. A. Laidlaw, 2nd Lieut. R. R. D. Stewart, Lieut. A. D. Mathew, Captain R. H. Whyte, Lieut. M. H. Board, R.E., Brigadier Scott, C.R.A., Captain Bell, Major W. D. Lorimer, and 2nd Lieut. D. C. McKeacham

unpopular with some of our fellow subjects—so much so, in fact, that they have been destroyed in large quantities immediately they have been received. I understand, however, that our G-men are quite unruffled by this counter-offensive on the part of what we may call the Opposition and do not regard it as any kind of deterrent to getting their man when wanted. At the same time, a measure of sympathy cannot be withheld from Spike the Speiler, Slug the Thug, and Alf the Elk, even though the present state of affairs may have hit their profession least of any. Identification by card, or otherwise, is naturally anathema to them.

The death of "Bob" Sievier has deprived the world of the turf of its most picturesque figure. The story of his career and of Sceptre has been so often told that there is hardly any excuse for so much as mentioning it. That which has not been told quite so often, is that he was a man with a very large and very kind heart. Enemies, of course, he had—many of them—but I think that his friends far outnumbered them. His other outstanding quality was courage. Even when things were at their worst with him he never lost heart. This is an epitaph of which anyone could have reason to be very proud.



ANOTHER SNAPSHOT AT FORBES HOUSE: MRS. FOLLETT
AND THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Cutting out bandages is not such easy work as it may sound, especially when they have to be all sorts and sizes. Mrs. Follett, her Grace of Westminster, Lady Maud Carnegie, and gallant little sales girls from the shops are all hard at it making ready for what, unhappily, we know is to come



A WARTIME PARTY IN LONDON TOWN

The actual spot may be stated, as it will not convey any information of military value to the enemy or his numerous spies—it is the May Fair Hotel. In the picture are Miss Betty Greenish, Mrs. F. J. Greenish, and Lord Selsdon. These days no one dresses, so to speak, and it is day clothes or uniform (male or female, and quite often a lot of both), and our restaurants, our theatres and our cinemas look very much as they did during the period of the first German war

WARTIME à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



MISS ROSEMARY KERR

The daughter of that famous sailor, Admiral Mark Kerr, who is now doing her bit as a nurse. Admiral Mark Kerr, as many people know, has not only a most distinguished naval career to his credit, but is the author of many engrossing books

soldiers, sailors and airmen, and especially their comforters, often consent to dine early and commute to the theatre in slow, purgatorial buses, or crawl in infrequent taxis, or march along dim pavements?

All managers would like to know the answer, and are watching what happens to the few brave people who have ventured into town with entertainments new and old. Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Music at Night*, at the Westminster, had the honour to be the first play opening in London proper. I missed it through trusting too much to a last gallon of pool-petrol; but from all accounts it is doing well, and should be the very thing for those who are bored but intelligent.

The evident thing for war publics at large is lightweight entertainment with easy tunes, comic personalities, and lots of hearty humour. So here are the Crazy Gang again, with a new show in the West End proper. This—*The Little Dog Laughed*—is not the best, or the craziest, of the Gang's efforts, but it has the tunes and enough broad humour to serve until more is added or something better comes along. Certainly it has the personalities. Bud Flanagan, who gets the best tunes and a big slice of the humour, is liable to become the Robey *de notre guerre*. Teddie Knox would be the best of the lunatic rest if there were not some vaudeville extras (Willie West and McGinty) who do a supremely funny turn with all the building implements that a mad workman could possibly misuse. It may be a sign of how times have changed since 1918 that this show packs the Palladium twice nightly without need of any songs about love, or indeed any feminine star, unless you can count as such the lovely lady who collects white doves while she dances.

At the Palladium, the war is remembered only in the broadest of jokes. "Cossacks, and the same to you" is Knox's comment on the Russo-German Axis. The leaflet raid from the roof brings down a batch of ruthless rhymes, exceedingly personal:

When not smuggling stocks and bonds
Little Goebbels chases blondes.
Naughty, naughty little Goebbels,
Adding to your Fuehrer's troebbels.

AGAIN, the shows go on. We have had in the theatre, during one week, three claimants to be London's first first-night of the war. The earliest, in the outlying borough of Richmond, was *The French for Love*, which proved to be a bright little comedy of Rivieran amourettes, notable for sparkling improprieties, excellent mischief by Miss Alice Delysia, near-excellent drollery by Mr. Hugh Wakefield, and first-class "character" by Miss Athene Seyler.

The times, however, are out of joint for its authors and management: to be lucky, they should have been able to present their play in the last war. Tuned up a bit, and with its overdone gigolo toned down a lot, it might, when transferred to London proper, become another *Little Bit of Fluff*: just the thing for the Army, Navy, and Air Force and their comforters. But will large numbers of

Uniforms are all over the stalls and foyers, in far higher proportion than that of London by day. It would be easy to imagine yourself back at George Robey's Alhambra during the other war—until you pass from bright corridor into dim vestibule, and so to the street where grey wraiths wander through a dark vacuum. You nearly collide with one of them; and the impulse comes to ask it, "Excuse me, but are we all dead?"

What should we tell them? Thousands of us, as is indicated in letters to the Press, and in table-talk everywhere, believe we could do it better than the people who prepare the benevolent bombs that air pilots drop over Germany. Every other man, and certainly every leader-writer, has become his own pamphleteer.

One well-known politician and journalist has printed his own pet pamphlet. It reads well and hits hard. Looking back to my years in Germany, I think it would make me sit up and take notice. It gives evidence of lies told and truth withheld; shows that we intend nothing against Germany's self-respect, but look beyond victory to a better international system which would not bring war in each succeeding generation; proclaims that only the Nazi leaders' vanity stands in the way of a just peace; declares that Nazi Germany has no friend in all the world; stresses the unbeatable superiority in arms of Britain and France; tells the German people that their Fuehrer is afraid of them; and asks that they shall act swiftly and courageously, in order to avoid the blood-bath he threatens, which could end only in their defeat. And it is creditably brief. It emphasises, however, the German people's faults: sheeplike acceptance of orders from mountebank supermen, their lack of civic courage, their acquiescence in brutality, their willingness to wage futile and bloody wars. This kind of propaganda would make me take umbrage instead of notice. Revolutions are not made by thus lecturing the possible revolutionaries on their faults. I showed the passage to a man who should know: a refugee author who detests the Nazis but loved the Germany to which he belonged before they happened. "Horribly true," he said, "but forgive me if I say it could only provoke German bitterness about British racial faults—if, that is to say, you consider it possible that some of you have any."

And he proceeded to rough out, rather sadly, what would be his pamphlet to the German nation. It was acute in its understanding of what complete defeat means, and will mean again to German men and women if they continue to court it. Come to think of it, my own entry would be a pamphlet written by Stefan Zweig or Thomas Mann or another of the great Germans (and *echt* Aryans) who knew tyranny and went into exile rather than accept it. Even so, I should not expect results until victory came nearer.

MISS AUDREY SALE-BARKER,
ALSO DOING HER BIT

She has just passed her Red Cross final examination and is now ready to be drafted to a hospital. In happier times Miss Sale-Barker is very famous in the skiing world

A GOOD SHOW
THAT WILL
MAKE US
LAUGH



"THE FRENCH FOR LOVE," AT THE RICHMOND THEATRE

AS SEEN BY TOM TITT

This lightest of light comedies by Marguerite Stern and Derek Patmore had a roaring success during its week at the Richmond Theatre. "Roaring" is the word, for it kept everyone that way all through. Alice Delysia's Gallic wit, backed by Athene Seyler's British ditto, displayed in her sketch of a disillusioned wife who takes to pedigree dogs as a solace, backed by Hugh Wakefield with his hang-dog ditto, make this thing fizz. Delysia must have been specially cheered on the night, because a French Major and a French Naval Lieutenant produced a joint bouquet almost as big as a battleship. *The French for Love* arrived in London at the Criterion, on October 23

LIGHT RELIEF FROM THE FILM WORLD



HOLLYWOOD BIRTHDAY

JUDY GARLAND BLOWS OUT THE SIXTEEN CANDLES ROUND HER BIRTHDAY-CAKE, WHILE MICKEY ROONEY PREPARES TO HELP. (L. TO R.) JOHNNY DOWNS, MICKEY ROONEY, JUDY GARLAND, JACKIE COOPER, BONITA GRANVILLE



A SMART NEW COSTUME FOR JANE WYMAN



LANA TURNER, HAILED AS THE FIND OF THE YEAR, NOW IN "THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS"



NITA RAYA LOOKS ON WHILE THE COLONEL (CHARPIN) TAKES OVER A PLEASANT DUTY FROM HIS ORDERLY (FERNANDEL) IN "IGNACE"

Judy Garland's sixteenth-birthday party in Hollywood the other day attracted a twinkling gathering of the film city's younger generation of stars—and, of course, the photographer. All these young people are rapidly growing out of the child-star class, and Mickey Rooney, when last seen in this country in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever*, was in some very entertaining throes of calf-love. Judy Garland is his opposite lead in many of his pictures. Jackie Cooper was a law-student-newsagent in *Streets of New York*, and guardian angel to the small boys of his neighbourhood, while Bonita Granville, who made a flying start to stardom at a tender age in *These Three*, is scheduled to play a quite adult rôle in her next film; in fact that of Edgar Allan Poe's young wife in a life of the poet. Jane Wyman, than whom no more exquisite model could have been chosen for the smart clothes she is wearing in our picture, is starred by Warner Brothers in *Torchy Plays With Dynamite*. Lana Turner, who first made a hit in *Calling Dr. Kildare*, with Lew Ayres, is with him again in *These Glamour Girls*, now at the Empire. Meanwhile, Fernandel continues triumphally his career of Gallic fooling in *Ignace*, now at the Berkeley, with that other accomplished French comedian, Charpin, as the Colonel, to whom he is, as a punishment, made kitchen orderly. Nita Raya adds to the fun, and provides a touch of glamour, by her performance as the Parisian star Loulette

PERSONALITIES AT NEW

YORK'S LATEST NIGHT CLUB



MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. McLEAN,
OF THE HOPE DIAMOND FAMILY



MR. AND MRS. RANDOLPH
HEARST, JR.



SYLVIA LADY POULETT,
WITH MR. C. DE COULON



MISS ETHEL LEVEY AND DR. ARNOLD
GENTHE, FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER



MRS. GEORGE McLANAHAN
AND (ON RIGHT) MARY
BRIAN AND CHARLES REED



MRS. HERBERT WESTON AND THE
HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET

Everyone looked very smiling and gay when these snapshots were taken at the opening night of New York's newest night spot, called after the famous Orange Street Club. This was probably after John Bull had become popular again! He was not at all so when there was doubt as to whether he would take his coat off to Adolf. Almost all the city's brightest were on deck for this occasion, and news items include that young John D. McLean's mother owns the Hope diamond, once "the property of May Yohe," as the American news tells us; but Marie Antoinette also owned it at one time. It has never brought Mrs. McLean any bad luck! Randolph Hearst, Jr., is a son of the famous W. R. H., and is himself the publisher of the New York journal *American*. Ethel Levey's picture will no doubt remind many of us of how she used to sing for us during the last war, and the other celebrity in the picture is a very famous photographer. Mrs. George McLanahan, who is a sister of Mrs. John Roosevelt, greatly enhanced the decorative values of this occasion



IN THE NEWS OF THOSE CLOSELY CONCERNED



MISS MOYRA EILEEN SCOTT, A COUSIN OF THE
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

A very pleasing portrait of the younger of the two daughters of Lord Francis Scott and the late Lady Francis Scott, who died last year, deeply regretted by all who ever knew her. Miss Moyra Scott's second name is her mother's. Lord Francis Scott is an uncle of the Duke of Buccleuch, served all through the last war in his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, and was severely wounded. Lord Francis Scott has a beautiful home and estate in Kenya Colony, and was the host of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on their visit some little while ago

Hay Wrightson



H.E. THE POLISH AMBASSADOR
AND THE COUNTESS RACZYNSKI

This picture was taken at the Polish Embassy and very many others not recognising the Ambassador in London and also in Paris are kept in being sent to his charge in 1934, and both he and the Countess Raczyński in London society, both official and other, are kept in this by speaking of the admiration which the Countess Raczyński was

SE PASSING HOURS AND WITH THE CATACLYSM



Lenare

OR: COUNT EDWARD RACZYNSKI
UNTESS RACZYNSKI

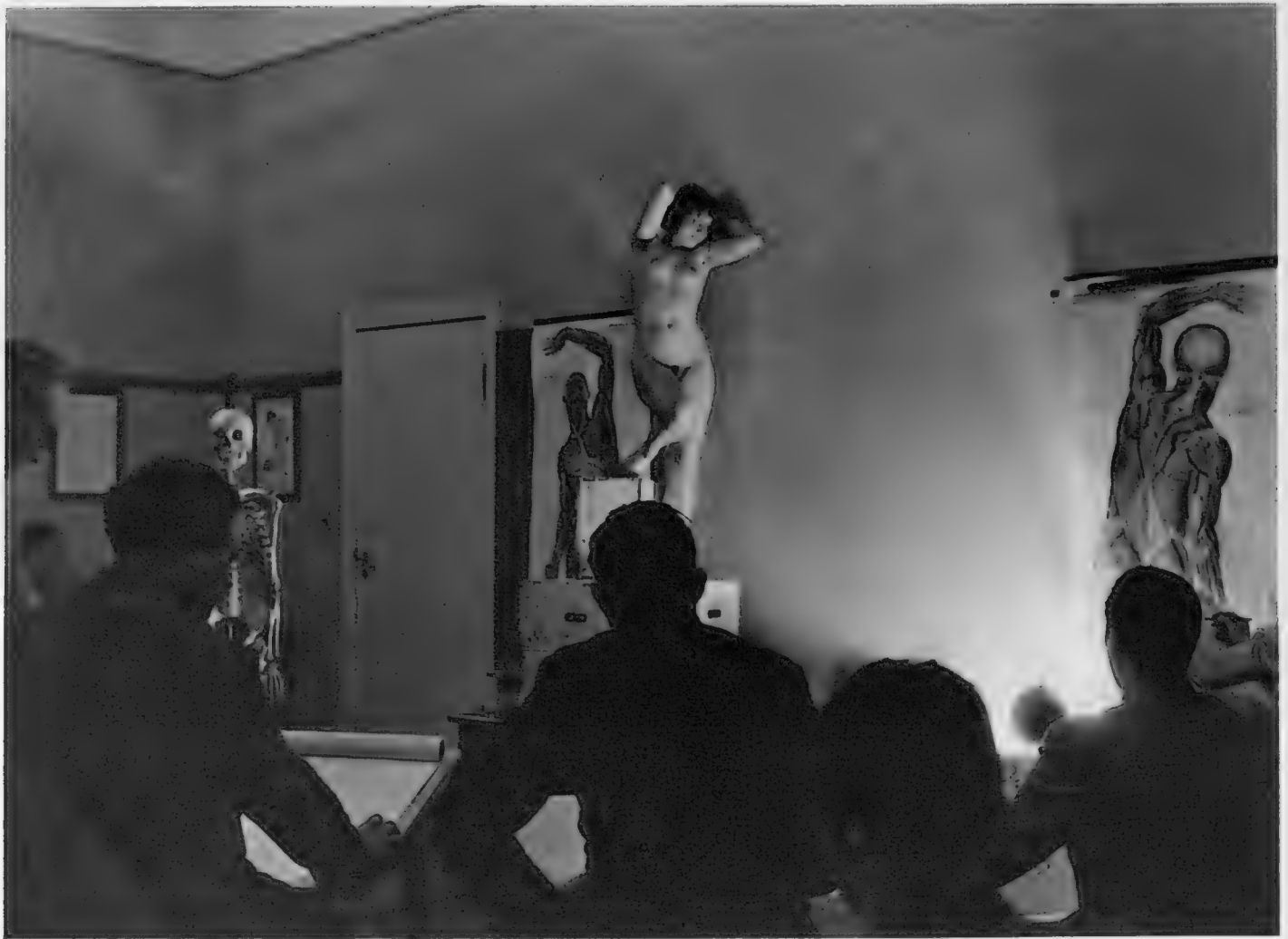
assy upon a very recent occasion. Our country
the "liquidation" of Poland, her Embassies in
eing. Count Edward Raczynski was appointed
his wife have ever been popular personalities
rwise, and it is hardly necessary to supplement
h the fine courage of their country has evoked.
s formerly Panna Cecile Jarozynski



Yevonde

LADY NAPIER, A RECENT AND ATTRACTIVE
PORTRAIT

Lady Napier was formerly Miss Isabelle Surtees, and is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Siward Surtees, of Redworth Hall, County Durham. It was in this county that the great creator of Mr. Jorrock's, Facey Romford, Soapey Sponge, and others lived. Sir Joseph Napier, who has been posted as a Staff Captain to one of the Commands, served all through the last war with "The Bang Boys," got hit three times, and was taken prisoner by the Turks in the 1917 operations in Mesopotamia.



THE STUDIO

A DOCTOR was busy examining recruits. One man had the King and Queen tattooed on his chest, and the doctor said: "Glad to see you're so patriotic."

"That's nothing," replied the recruit. "I'm sitting on Hitler."

* * *

A visitor went into an inn at the seaside for an appetiser before lunch. An old sailor sidled up to him.

"Adventurous life I've had," he remarked.

"Really?" said the visitor.

"Yes," continued the sailor, "all sorts of things have happened to me. Not long ago I had an operation. After I came to, the doctor told me that he'd left a sponge inside me, but I told him to let it stay there as I didn't want another operation, and there it is to this day."

"It must be very painful," said the visitor.

"Oh, it don't hurt at all," said the sailor. "But I get terribly thirsty!"

* * *

"You know, old man," said Brown, "that fellow's too smart for me. Do you know what he did?"

"No," said Green, "what?"

"Well, he sold me a plot of land that was two feet under water. I went round and demanded my money back."

"Did you get it?"

"Get, nothing! He sold me a motor-boat!"

* * *

It was one of those days when there was nothing doing in the branch bank in a small Irish town. The staff had got through the day somehow, with tea and talk, until it was time to close.

"Three o'clock!" said the manager briskly at last; "Run and close the front door, Murphy."

The clerk returned in a moment or two and said:

"Excuse me, sir, it's closed. We forgot to open it this morning."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

An ostrich went out for a stroll in a desert and thought he'd call at his favourite oasis in the hope of running across a few of his pals.

When he got there he found six other ostriches standing with their heads buried in the sand.

"Just my luck!" he said. "Not a soul about."

* * *

The not-so-slim woman had been in the boot department for over an hour, and the patient assistant had taken down half the stock for her inspection.

"These would just suit you," he said, as a last resource, taking down yet another pair of shoes.

But still she was not satisfied.

"I don't care for those," she said. "They have a tendency to get wider with time."

"Well, madam," replied the now exasperated assistant, "didn't you?"

* * *

A certain magistrate, on the New York bench for many years, grows extremely peevish when the same customers are brought before him time after time. On a recent morning, for example, he looked down at a drunk and pounded his desk.

"I can't understand this," he roared. "Why are you always brought before me? Seven times you've been arrested—and seven times I've been forced to sentence you. Why must I be picked as a target? Does it have to be that way? Why must I always be burdened with you in my court?"

The drunk grinned.

"No use bawlin' at me, judge," he hiccupped. "Is it my fault you can't get promoted?"

* * *

A certain lady recently received three small Cockney evacuees in her West Country home. She asked one mite (aged five) if she knew any hymns, and received the delightful reply:

"Oh, yes: 'Leanin' against the lamp-pawst'!"

RECENT HAPPENINGS IN THE WEST



H.M. QUEEN MARY AT CIRENCESTER PARISH CHURCH WITH THE VICAR (CANON L. WESTMACOTE); (AT BACK) THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

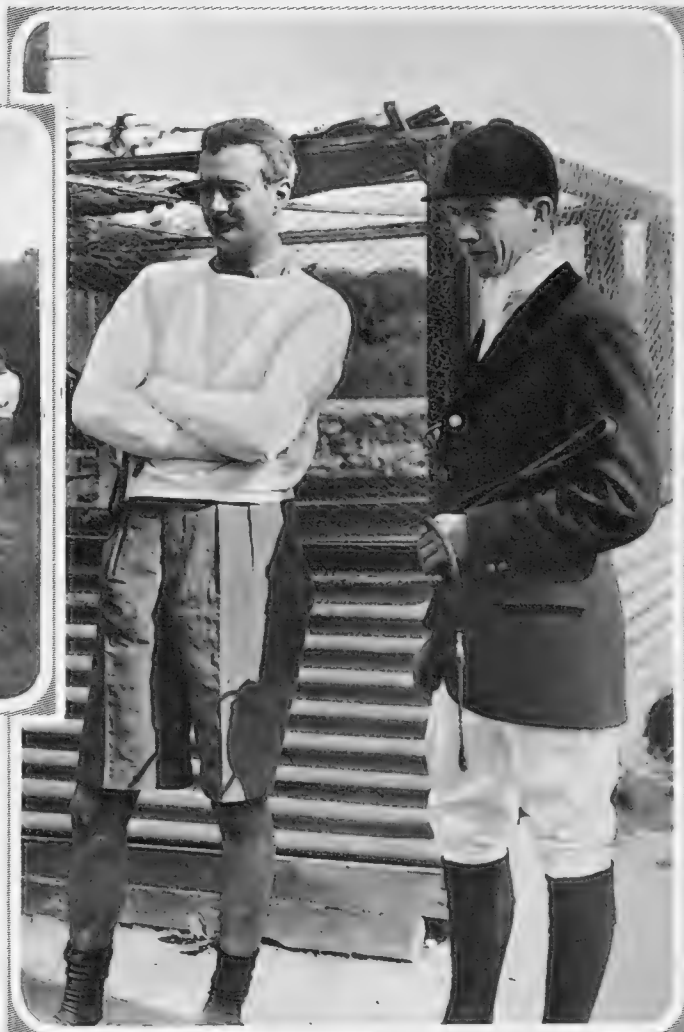


THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BEAGLES MOVING OFF FROM A RECENT FIXTURE



MEN OF A YEOMANRY UNIT WITH THE CIRENCESTER AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BEAGLES

Her Majesty Queen Mary's recent visit to Gloucestershire was quite informal, and it must be at once said that it had not the remotest connection with any of the other events pictured in this page! Cirencester Parish Church is as beautiful as it is ancient, which is saying something. The Duchess of Beaufort, who was with her Majesty, is a sister of the present Marquess of Cambridge. The Royal Agricultural College Beagles are said to have been taken over by the Yeomanry unit, some members of which are displayed swelling the size of the field. The big idea is that it is a splendid way of getting the men fighting fit



LORD ST. ALDWYN AND THE BEAGLES MASTER, MR. JACK WHARTON



SEE HOW IT GROWS

By Pat Auld

SOME WHO WENT TO SEE— —THE “NURSE EDITH CAVELL” FILM



LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, COMDR. SIR REGINALD LEEDS, R.N.,
LIEUT. W. R. WATSON, AND MISS CATHERINE KEITH-FRAZER



ALSO AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: LADY
DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS AND HER MOTHER



FLYING OFFICER AND MRS. B. HEATH



SIR MICHAEL AND LADY BRUCE
ARRIVING AT THE THEATRE



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CROMER



MRS. VERNON TATE WITH
MME. SIMOPOULOS

The fact that this film was so meticulously documentary made the story it had to tell all the more poignant. Mr. Herbert Wilcox had no need to reach out for sensationalism. Anna Neagle did the rest in a magnificent performance. Most of the people pictured above have lively memories of the outrage and probably no one has a more vivid one than Lord Cromer. Sir Reginald Leeds is another. He was in the Navy all through the last war and has gone back again now. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, F.R.C.P., and former Minister of Health, whose wife is in one of the pictures with her mother, is another who had a painful memory of the brutality which shocked a whole world. Mme. Simopoulos, who came with Mrs. Vernon Tate, is the wife of H.E. the Greek Minister, M. Charalambos Simopoulos



LADY CASTLEROSSE AND
SIR ANTHONY HOGG



Antony Beauchamp

H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

M. André Charles Corbin, G.C.V.O., has been French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's since 1933, coming to London from Brussels. During those six years he has won the confidence and respect of all shades of opinion in this country as a most worthy representative of our great ally. In his diplomatic career, on which he entered in 1906, M. Corbin has distinguished himself in many posts in most of the capitals of Europe, and especially in this critical time, when Britain and France are working in the closest harmony, we are grateful to have such a man as one of the corner-stones of our kinship in a common high purpose

TRÈS CHER—We are getting along quite nicely in Paris and are hoping as how this finds you as it leaves us! Of course, it is a little difficult to conciliate a paternal Gov'nment's request that non-working civilians should go away and stay away with that same Gov'nment's hint to shopkeepers about business as usual, since there exists a certain plaguey little matter of supply and demand and all that about not being able to be in two places at once. Howsumever, one does not criticise, and we do our best to oblige. We spend quite a lot of time—which is about all we *can* spend at the moment—squashing our noses against the most alluring window displays Paris has ever seen. No hint of restrictions here! How Gobbles and Gore'em should open their little pig's eyes if they saw the *pâtisseries* and their array of cakes! The public gardens hide their trenches and *abris* behind banks of dahlias and clumps of Michaelmas daisies and are as gorgeous as the florists' shops in the Rue Royale, while the Rue de la Paix is as gay as the coloured advertisement pages of Christmas annuals, and the beautiful furs, brocades, laces and priceless jewels are somehow lovelier than usual seen through the criss-cross paper strips which adorn their plate-glass windows.

The other morning I had to drive round the Place Vendôme twice before I could find parking-place outside the Ritz, where English is still the Ritzian language *par excellence* in the bar and at lunch-time. The day I was there—somebody else paying the piper—I saw the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (the *midinettes* cheer him, just as they cheered him in '14, when they see him on the screen, in the news-reels, with pipe, portfolio, uniform an' all complete); the Jean de Castellanes, Mrs., Wellington Koo, Maurice de Rothschild (even shabbier than usual, sartorially speaking, bless him!), the Pierre de Gunsbourgs, *Monsieur le Capitaine* André de Fels, M. Sarraut, the French Minister of the Interior (does one say "of the Interior" in English? It doesn't sound quite nace,

PRISCILLA · IN · PARIS

does it?); and the Jean Chiappes. Goodness, but I wish Jean Chiappes was still *Préfet de Police*!

I don't know his successor so well, and I foresee a mort o' trubble about getting down to the Farm. I dare say I shall have to lump it till the potato-planting season comes round, but it'll be crool 'ard. I had to leave the dawg down there when it was finally decided that I stay here, and since he can't run his kennel quite on his own, the maid has remained to keep house for him, which means that cookie stays to keep house for the maid. I arks yer! So here I am, all Robinson Crusoe-ish and lonesome, for even a million Fridays (now don't take this as being the population of Paris at the moment!) won't console me for the loss—temp'rary; oh, most temp'rary, I pray!—of my beloved Skye. People who are not animal-lovers had better skip the next paragraph. There is nothing quite so heart-wrenching as being separated from a dog one loves. One cannot explain or make it understand why one is leaving it; nor can one write to it, making silly squibbles on the paper that mean unutterable nothings that cheer. And how one misses the solid little mass of bone, fur and sinew curled up on the foot of the bed when one stretches at dawn, and—Oh, blow! Let's write about something else.

I have just seen the first copy of *The Tatler* that has come my way since Hit-and-miss started all the trouble, and I see that cinemas are almost "as usual" in London. Same over here in the morning, noon and afternoon. After four months without a flick, I went to three straight off. Saw *Jamaica Inn* and *St. Martin's Lane, en version originale* (and wished I hadn't), with *Wuthering Heights* (still running) as a chaser. Paris thinks that Charles Laughton is going through the same phase that beset Harry Baur a few years ago. *Over-* or *under-*acting, simply 'orrid. And what toshy pictures! The houses that showed them were sparse as to audience, but the Portiques, where one may see "W. H.", was full of what a young friend of mine calls "aminal warmf." Theatres are still closed, but things are stirring, and when the managers can manage to comply with all the exactions demanded by the ever-paternal Gov'nment for the safety of spectators, we shall see what we shall see.

Sacha Guitry and his latest good lady are to present an all-star programme at the Madeleine. They will lead the dance, followed by Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Max Dearly (an old wartime favourite) and Victor Boucher. There will be no salaries, and when they go on tour they will all pay their own expenses, so that what money is made can be devoted to war charities. It sounds too altruistic to be true. All the night-clubs are closed, except Chez Agnes Capri and La Môme Piaff. These clever ladies feed one and amuse one, so 'tis said, between the hours of 8 and 11 p.m.

As to the Tabarin, that home of lovely lovelies, Pierre Sandrini has lent it—kitchens, crockery and all—to the Union des Artistes, who have turned it into a canteen for members of the profession who, by reason of the war, are down and out. Robert Trébor and Robert Ancelin are the organisers of this. President Lebrun sent 5000 frs. and quantities of game snared—one cannot say poached—from Rambouillet. Mme. Cheigné de Croisset was the guest of honour on the day I was invited to view, and, leading with 1000 frs., she passed the hat round, with pleasing results.

At night Paris is grimly lovely. The mysterious blue gloom in which the dancing will-o'-the-wisps of the dimmed car-lights flicker is thrillingly beautiful—but for mussy's sake look both ways before you cross the street!—PRISCILLA.

Auxiliary Red

*the lipstick for
Service Women*

The "trifle" that spells PERFECTION for your
"Auxiliary" ensemble . . . dashing, decisive,
enduring, supremely correct.

Tens of thousands of "Auxiliaries" will thank
"Cyclax" for this newest of new Lipsticks . . .
. . . it ends their quest . . . answers their
"where?" "what?" "how?" . . . meets
exactly their newly regimented need.

Came the swift call . . . "Auxiliary Red"
brought the swift, perfect, incom-
parable response.



"Service" Beauty Kit in a very compact
and attractive morocco case in various
colours (6½" by 4½" to fit uniform pocket)
lined oil silk, fitted complete with
essential make-up requisites. **22/6**

At all the better shops and stores.

Cyclax

OF LONDON



THE VEIL CAST OFF

Striking symbol of the new Turkey, brought from mediævalism to modernity in two decades by Kemal Atatürk, soldier-dictator, is this picture of Miss Sabiha Gökçen, adopted daughter of Atatürk, and Turkey's first woman aviator

ality achieves a similar result when it announces an action fraught with courage and daring on a grand scale in a couple of lines. So far, it must be confessed, the Royal Air Force has not achieved the right tone. The "Eye-Witness" stories from France have often been excellent, but they are intended to be and are known to be stories, and not official communiqués. I would like to see the Air Ministry issuing occasional dry, concise communiqués, big with implication of great events. From official sources we do not expect or want descriptive writing; we want the Gamelin touch; the desiccated dispatch: the pruned purview.

No doubt about it, these things will sort themselves out, and when once the Air Ministry has rid itself of the cloying clutches of mildew Minnie, Lord Macmillan's unwanted and unattractive brat (I refer to the Ministry of Information), the Royal Air Force will receive its fair share of public notice. It is true, of course, that many people in the Air Force itself are averse from all kinds of publicity; but such people condemn themselves as slightly out of date. Success in war, as in business, is now partly dependent upon success in publicity. Actually, when one gets down to fundamentals, one realises that publicity has always been a weapon of war. Go down to minor tactics, and the success of a feint attack depends upon the rapid and extensive spread of information. Only when large numbers of people know about it can a feint attack achieve its purpose of drawing off the enemy from the point where the real attack is to be made. Let us now, therefore, praise publicity, and invite Press and radio to help us win our battles. But let us distinguish between Press stories and official communiqués. The Press story may be highly coloured, wild and woolly. The official communiqué must be concise and calm.

Suitability.

A friend of mine who went through the war of 1914 in the Army is never tired of recounting his experiences with a gigantic consignment of mattresses which had been ordered by the authorities and which came under his care. It seems from his story that he spent the entire war sending the mattresses up and down along a stretch of branch railway line not far from London. They never reached the troops and, had it not been for the Armistice—according to my friend—they would still be going backwards and forwards in response to urgent chits, demands and orders.

The Services would not be the Services and would certainly lose some of their charm if such things no longer happened. But in general I think we may say that, in the present war, the standard of efficiency is incomparably higher than it was in 1914. During the first month, there were many instances

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Military Meiosis.

WHEN used in military communiqués, understatement can be effective, and there was a fine flavour about General Gamelin's laconic messages about general tranquillity, calmness and quiet on the Western Front. An action which would have seemed heroic during the early part of the war of 1914 becomes, in 1939, a "small local advance." The British Admir-

of people being pushed into totally unsuitable jobs and experts being left out altogether. But now the man who has spent a large part of his life flying "Spitfires" need no longer assume that he will be posted to a barrage balloon squadron. In short, things are sorting themselves out, and democracy is showing that it can achieve a hard, penetrating efficiency just as well as, or even better than, a totalitarian State.

Many Inventions.

That was a delightful story that emanated from Italy about picked German troops equipped with duralumin armour. I speak shortly after the report has reached England, and by the time these notes appear, anything may have happened; but I am going to risk all by saying that, if it be indeed true that some German troops have been equipped with duralumin armour, they are to be pitied rather than feared. There is no mystery about stopping bullets and shells. The stopping power is largely dependent upon the density of the armour. It is just like soundproofing. In aircraft the real trouble, when one comes to try and soundproof a cabin, is that soundproof materials tend to become heavier the more effective they are. And bullet-proof materials are subject to a similar law. All the same, it is a delightful idea this of providing individual suits of armour for the troops, and it set me wondering what novelties we may expect in aircraft.

Armour has been tried many times, and will certainly be tried



PILOT-OFFICER PRINCE

Now in the R.A.F. is Prince Emmanuel Galitzine, one of the very famous family who are the sovereign dynasty of Lithuania, descended from Rurik, first Prince of Russia. He was caught by the photographer on the steps of the Ritz one lunch-time recently

again. But it will be only for the crews and vital parts. Some sort of specialised aircraft will be developed for low-flying attacks on troops, or "ground-strafing," as it used to be called. What it will be like is difficult to predict. I think that it might be a relatively slow machine with great powers of quick manoeuvre and a good deal of solid armour.



FLYING THREE-QUARTER

Prince A. Obolensky nowadays flies through the air faster than even he ever sped down the wing for Oxford as one of the 'Varsity's fastest three-quarters of the century, for he is a pilot-officer in the R.A.F. He has by no means forsaken Rugger, though, and is playing for the 'Quins this season when duties permit. With him in this picture is Mrs. Risley

Your Best Protection— Strong Nerves *and* Restorative Sleep

SOUND, healthy nerves will keep you cheerful and resolute. Refreshing sleep will restore your energy and drive away depression. These are your natural, and best, safeguards in these trying times.

For maintaining strong nerves—for ensuring restorative sleep—‘Ovaltine’ has outstanding advantages.

The exceptional nerve-building properties of ‘Ovaltine’ have been demonstrated in many scientific tests. It is exceptionally rich in lecithin—a valuable nerve-building element derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. No nerve food is complete without eggs.

‘Ovaltine’ is the world’s best nightcap. It possesses special properties which quickly induce natural, restorative sleep. A 3-year series of scientific tests showed that ‘Ovaltine,’ taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being “better rested” in the morning. ‘Ovaltine’ is entirely free from drugs.

Moreover, ‘Ovaltine’ is a complete and perfect food. No food beverage can establish superiority over ‘Ovaltine’ in any respect whatever. The nature and quality of the ingredients and the proportions in which they are used are of the utmost importance in determining the value of a food beverage.

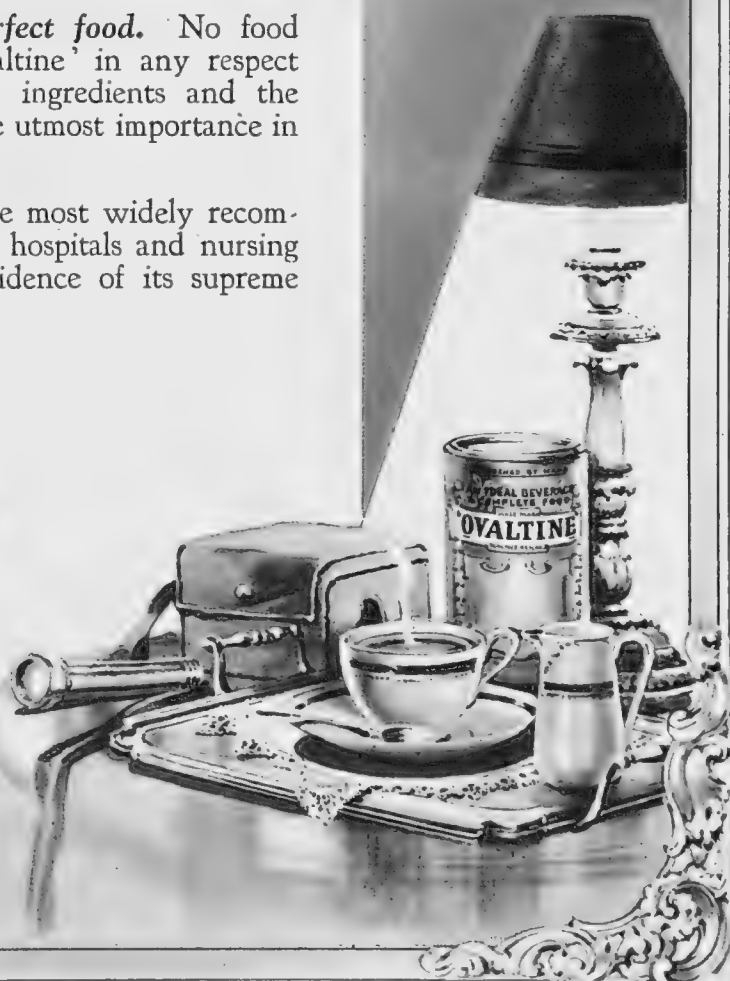
The fact that ‘Ovaltine’ is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors and most largely used in hospitals and nursing homes all over the world is convincing evidence of its supreme value for health.

Drink delicious
Ovaltine
and note the Difference

‘OVALTINE’ HEADS FOOD-SUPPLY CONTEST.

In a recent national competition for the best shopping lists covering a week’s supply of food for a family of 5, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Prizewinners all specified ‘Ovaltine’—conclusive proof of public appreciation of its supreme food value.

P494A



TWO RED MUFFLERS

By GRETA LAMB

PAULA, our German Fräulein, brought Gerd back when she had been on holiday in her native Austria. That was the first time we met, he and I. I believe I was one of those lonely sort of children who seem so pathetic in books, but are, in reality, darned uncomfortable to live with. Anyway, my parents had readily fallen in with Paula's idea of bringing her nephew back to stay with us for some time, before he moved on to relatives in the West of England.

Gerd was eight, and so was I, when my father took me down to Dover to meet the Channel boat bearing our dear, jolly Paula and the small figure who was to become my greatest friend.

The first thing I saw of Gerd was his red woollen muffler, twisted and lumped round his neck, and matching his cherry, button nose. It was winter, and that scarf billowed and furled round his fair, clipped head, lashed by the easterly gale.

He could not speak much English at first, of course, but with my Paula-learned German we managed somehow. We shared everything, from the morning cream on our breakfast porridge to the bathing and laughter (coon-mouthed with tooth-paste) of the steamy bathroom at night.

From the first I had envied Gerd his woolly neckwear; there was something gallant in the way he flung that crimson thing about his neck, a seeming herald of the man-Gerd of the future. For two or three days Paula knitted fiercely, then I, too, was the possessor of a red woollen muffler.

It snowed a lot that winter and was bitterly cold. We spent much time up in the schoolroom, roasting chestnuts and toasting Osborn biscuits by a smoky fire. Just when we had got up a nice old fug, Paula would harry us out into the garden to "get the good air into our lungs." We would stumble about in the snow like two red-breasted robins, heedlessly desecrating the white virginity with our shiny gum-boots.

Soon we were doing all the things that small boys do in the snow; making snowmen, sliding, and annoying the tradesmen. One day we were snowballing each other and, in my ball, inadvertently, there was a stone, gathered up by mistake.

With the force of my eight years I flung my chilly weapon straight at Gerd's head. Strangely enough it went home, breaking with a nasty thud on his forehead. I expected a laugh, but, unaccountably, his face puckered in readiness for tears. Stricken, I watched a little trickle of blood run down his face, to mingle with the crimson of his muffler.

At that moment, away and above my fear at what I had done, I realised in a flash how much I loved Gerd; loved my friend. A shattering emotion for one so young to feel, and that conviction is with me still.

To comfort him, "Look, Gerd," I said, "your blood is the same colour as your scarf!"

Our friendship blossomed and soon life was only truly lived when Gerd was there: without him was mere existence. He never missed a year in his visits to us. We grew to adolescence, still all in all to each other. Our minds developed apace with our bodies, and we grew to love the same things: nature, poetry and books.

Gerd had grown into a boy whose beauty could not be

denied. His skin had the glow of a perpetual sunset, and his hair was the colour of ripe barley. His eyes were growing to be the eyes of men who scan sea or sky: blue and steady.

We would spend long days in the Kentish lanes, searching for birds' nests, religiously taking "only one," in case the mother bird should "desert." Gerd was first-rate at blowing the eggs. Long days we spent in blackberrying, and hop-picking, too.

One warm summer evening we were lying in a field of whispering oats, and I was reading aloud our favourite book of the moment. A 'plane moaned by in the distance, the sound coming to us in gusts on the southerly wind. I noticed Gerd's eyes darken, and a quizzical look come in them, as he watched the disappearing speck. Quickly he dragged up a Tinker-tailor-soldier-sailor grass and, pulling it to pieces, chanted: "This year, next year, sometime . . ." Then he jumped to his feet, snatched the book from my hand, and said, "Come on, Jon" (by the way, I'm Jon). "supper!" We shivered in the sudden sunlessness, and with one accord raced each other home.

Then Oxford.

And not only Oxford, but Oxford with Gerd there too. The scheming and the planning that went on! But in the end we managed it; same college and all. Gerd read History; I English Literature.

The happiness of those days. Could any chaps have asked more of life? Certainly not us. Work, and work that we loved when we wanted it, and leisure of the loveliest. Dinner in Hall, with the port going its rounds and the feel of oaken benches under one's legs: polished with the contact of generations of young humanity. The great windows of the college, with sun filtering on to scarlet-robed and wise-eyed men looking down on us from their gilt frames. Quadrangles with turf, plush-soft. And talk. Talk, chief of Oxford's charms. Idealists, wide-eyed and gesticulating: cynics, pewter-mugged and rugged of pipe.

Gerd and I would have an understanding eye-meet at some of the theories expounded there.

He had, even then, a discerning mind, knowing what to gather to him; what to reject.

Many have loved Oxford as much as I, but none more. Sitting there with the hum of near-man talk around me, I knew that generations gone before us had said the same things, planned for the future with the same toss of the head, and glint of the eye. Shelley, perhaps, when he was not sending little paper boats sailing down the Isis.

I thought of Harold Monro's words—

... There's lovely conversation
in this house:
Words became princes that were
slaves before.
What a sweet atmosphere for you
and me
The people that have been here
left behind . . .

On spring mornings we would tear down the High with our ridiculous red mufflers, which we still clung to with an almost superstitious affection, flying out behind; and stop to linger in the book-shops, buying far more than we could afford.

We were at home in that brink August of 1939, when the wire from Gerd's father came. War was imminent, and we knew that he must go. He packed at once. Our eyes showed what we dare not say.

(Continued on page 14)



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Howard Barrett

THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY

This real cavalry unit is fettleing up for the work that is before it and other horsed regiments before the present sanguinary entertainment is over. Like all other regiments or their species, they are full of enthusiasm and vigour. One of the Warwickshire Masters (the Hon. Dick Samuel) and an ex-Warwickshire Master (Captain John Lakin) are in the picture

The full list reads like this (l. to r., front row): Captain the Hon. M. R. Samuel, M.F.H. (Warwickshire), Major E. W. Grazebrook, Major R. E. Whitaker, Major G. Jackson, Lt.-Col. P. L. M. Wright (C.O.), Captain and Adjutant H. G. Cowdell (Nth H.), Major C. R. E. Fenwick, Captain the Earl of Bective, and Captain D. R. Whitaker; (second row) 2nd Lt. H. S. Green, Lt. A. G. V. Aldridge, M.O., Captain O. B. S. Poole, Captain J. Lakin, Lt. and Q.-M. E. W. Jarvis, Captain the Rev. R. C. Rudgard, Lt. G. B. Arkwright, Lt. M. J. Verey, Lt. the Hon. A. D. F. Lloyd, Lt. J. M. Lyon, and 2nd Lt. G. N. Wilson; (back row) Captain W. S. Codrington, A.V.D., 2nd Lt. H. Fulton, 2nd Lt. G. Gilbey, 2nd Lt. the Hon. J. S. P. Dormer, 2nd Lt. C. B. Stoddart, Lt. the Hon. P. M. Samuel, and Lt. D. P. Crossman

Is Pleasure Motoring Patriotic?

"WHY don't you expose that sort of thing?"

My friend waved his hand airily in the direction of a group of cars whose owners and passengers were enjoying a splendid panorama from a famous beauty spot.

It was Sunday, and most of these people, I imagine, had come no further than five or six miles from the city where they'd worked all the week.

My friend's view was that their purely pleasure motoring was unpatriotic and ought to be stopped. I didn't trouble to remind him that we were on the way to a lunch-party or to ask him for a definition of pleasure motoring. But my thoughts were that those gazers into space were doing no earthly harm. They had saved up their few pints during the week, and this was the way they preferred to use them. And, anyway, it's quite impossible to define pleasure motoring. For instance, is it pleasure motoring to use a car for shopping when, by waiting three days, one can catch the weekly bus to market? So my view is that it's up to each one of us to use our ration as we think fit. If the Government decrees otherwise, it will tell us and we shall obey.

Beauty on the Bog-wheel.

Even the County is taking to the motor-bike as a means of personal transport. Rolls-Royce, Bentley, and the chromium-plated Americans have been laid up *pro tem.*, and in their place come merry little pip-squeaks of one or two horse-power. The tiddlers cover some 100 miles to a gallon, so that they give ten times the mileage of a big car if you've a mind to use the latter's ration. These miniature motor-bikes are clean, safe, and easy to ride. Women are taking them up by the hundred, and only the other day I heard of two women who hitherto had only travelled behind at least

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

eight cylinders pillioning out to dinner, complete with evening dress. A jolly good show.

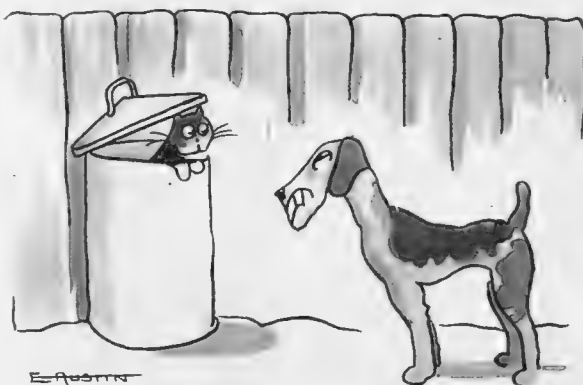
200-300 Miles per Gallon?

When you remember that a good eight- or ten-h.p. Austin, Ford, Vauxhall, Standard, or Hillman, when carefully driven, will give you, say, 40 miles to a gallon, it seems surprising that a pip-squeak motor-bike with an engine one-eighth the capacity of the car's power unit only gives two and a half times the petrol consumption. If its consumption were relatively as good as the car's its figure should be several hundred miles to the gallon. Even if the all-up weights of the two outfits are compared, the performance of the motor-bike engine is heavily down. Thus

the weight of car and crew might be 18 cwt., while the bike and rider would be some 3 cwt., or one-sixth. The reason for the difference in performance is that an air-cooled, two-stroke engine is not nearly as efficient as a water-cooled four-stroke. But perhaps owing to the present force of circumstances there will be an improvement.

Plight of the Garages.

Pity the garage owner, for his trade has dived more quickly than the barometer in an earthquake. One such told me that business had fallen to one-eighth of normal and that, like hundreds of others, he'd had to dismiss men and might even be forced to close down himself. Some weeks ago this branch of the industry prepared a fine scheme, showing its facilities in premises, transport, men, and machinery. It was recognised officially and began to function. But now I hear there is a lull, and the value of the scheme is suffering owing to the fact that the details provided weeks ago are out of date. Men and transport have left and the proprietors are wondering what to do next.



AIREDALE PRECAUTION

ROLLS-ROYCE

Rolls-Royce Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

The Company are in a position to supply Rolls-Royce cars from stocks of cars completed and in process of completion at coachbuilders.

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NOTHING less than the inimitable Bernard Weatherill cut can do justice to your uniform. "Man-tailoring" is essential for smartness allied to comfort . . . and there's no finer military tailoring in the West End than that created in the Bernard Weatherill workrooms.

The Officers' Service Jacket and Skirt illustrated, made in Khaki Barathea, costs 9 guineas. For other ranks, highest grade Khaki Serge, specially made to specification, brings the uniform out at 7 guineas. Greatcoats, in two weights of best quality Melton, are 8½ guineas.

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Also at Camberley



The Highway of FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE



WOMEN have become fashion conscious again, and, for the time being, have apparently wearied of "shelter suits." Truly delightful is the coat pictured on this page. It may be seen in Harrods' salons in Knightsbridge, and is carried out in one hundred per cent llama down, warm, light as a feather and soft as kitten's fur. The collar may be arranged as a hood or turned up, and the swing back falls in graceful lines. Then it must be mentioned that the price is 11 guineas in many colours.

INDEPENDENT of the cold weather are women who include an ensemble in their wardrobe from Jay's, Regent Street. Wonderful value is represented in those for 7½ guineas. Then there are coats and skirts in checked cheviot for 98s. 6d. To them must also be given the credit of the ensemble on the left for 11½ guineas. The checked top-coat is of pure Shetland tweed, while the cardigan and skirt are of a woollen material. This firm is responsible for a new catalogue devoted to fashions in wartime.

R.A.F. styled HOUSECOAT



To the waist an R.A.F.-styled uniform of grey-blue, tailored with military precision; below a billowing skirt with hidden zipp-fastener. Dark blue embroidered wings above pockets; embossed wings and crown on bright brass buttons. Soft woollen material: in grey-blue with navy wings; **55/9** deep navy with red wings.

There is a very present comfort in knowing that you can write to Jenners for almost anything you want and that your letter will have the swift and intelligent care of a specially trained department. For years and years Jenners have been written to with confidence by men and women from all over the world. When you see a pillarbox think of Jenners.



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Some of the most delightful perfume creations in the world are found in the collection of superb fragrances presented by Yardley. ORCHIS is the most beautiful of perfumes, accentuating your loveliness and investing it with a new charm, a new beauty, a new call to romance and joyous adventures.

3/- 5/- 9/6 17/6

also April Violets, Freesia and Fragrance

at the same prices.

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET W.1



Catherine Bell

MISS UNITY LOUISE McCAUGHEY

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. McCaughey, of Corec, Jerilderie, New South Wales, Australia, and granddaughter of Lady Dunhill, 54 Harley Street, W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Murray Theodore Pheils, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Pheils, of 92 Newhall Street, Birmingham

take place quietly in Cambridge, on November 4, between Mr. Charles Harold Clavell Blount, elder son of Vice-Admiral G. R. Blount, D.S.O., and Mrs. Blount, of Oakfield, Sissinghurst, Kent, and Miss Evelyn Derry, only daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Derry and Mrs. Derry, of Calgary, Canada.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Anthony Dilwyn Peck, eldest son of Sir James Peck, C.B., and Lady Peck, of 19 George Square, Edinburgh, and Miss Joan de Burgh Whyte, younger daughter of Mr. W. de Burgh Whyte, O.B.E., and Mrs. de Burgh Whyte, of 4 Tor Gardens, Kensington, W.8; Lieutenant-

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Saturday Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Saturday, at St. Anne's Church, Chertsey, at 3 o'clock, between Mr. J. F. Colledge and Miss Diana Preston.

Forthcoming Marriages.

The wedding will take place on October 31, between Mr. Peter Woodbridge and Miss Susan Dewar, at the Parish Church, St. Paul's Walden, at 2 o'clock.

The wedding will also take place on October 31, between Mr. Derick Keighley and Miss Biddy Forbes-Robertson, at Greenham Church, Newbury, at 12.30.

November Wedding.

The marriage will

Commander John Mowlam, R.N., only son of Engineer-Captain E. J. Mowlam, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Mowlam, of Poole, Dorset, and Miss Gwenllian Rice, only daughter of the Rev. Mark and Mrs. Rice, Wootton Rectory, Dorking; Lieutenant Hugh Cartwright, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cartwright, of The Chantry, Looe, Cornwall, and Miss Angela Manners, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Errol Manners, of Haddon, Alverstoke, Hants.; Mr. Stephen Alastair Morton, Royal Artillery, of 5 Essex Court, The Middle Temple, only son of Mr. and

Mrs. Philip H. Morton, of Dune Gate, Dorchester, Dorset, and Miss Lily Yarrow Eveline Griffith-Jones,

only daughter of Mr. J. Stanley Griffith-Jones, J.P., and Mrs. Griffith-Jones, of Drews, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire; Doctor H. Gordon Percy, M.B., B. Chir., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin S. Percy, of 2 Brocklebank Road, Southport, and Miss Jane (Binkie) Blackmore, only daughter of the late Major Stuart Blackmore, O.B.E., and Mrs. Blackmore, of 7 Parkfield Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14; Sub-Lieutenant Lord North, R.N., only son of the late Hon. Dudley North, of Kirtling Tower, Newmarket, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, of 24 Campden Hill Gardens, W.8., and Miss Anne Paget, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. K. E. Paget, of Old Rectory House, Itchen Abbas, Hampshire; Mr. Richard Moxon Cooper and Miss Letitia Joy Linton.



MR. J. M. PULLAN AND MISS W. D. CRAVEN-VEITCH

Whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Wendy Diana Craven-Veitch is the only daughter of Doctor and Mrs. H. C. Craven-Veitch, of St. Neots, Hunts., and Mr. John Marshall Pullan is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Greaves Pullan, of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorks.



Halliday

MRS. H. D. S. BINGHAM

The former Miss Margaret Douglas Stevenson, daughter of Major Robert Stevenson, D.L., and Mrs. Stevenson, of Aloha, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, who was married recently to Mr. Hugh Denis Sinclair Bingham, son of the Hon. H. T. de B. Bingham and Mrs. Bingham, of Bangor Castle, Co. Down

EXQUISITE PIECES OF JEWELLERY WITH ALL THE BEAUTY OF NATURAL STONES AT A MERE TITHE OF THEIR COST - HAND PRODUCED THROUGHOUT BY ENGLISH CRAFTSMEN



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VI. An adaptable and becoming "pull-on" felt beret for sports and country wear. Selected from Woollands' autumn collection of smart felt hats. Navy, Brown, Black and a few good colours. 21'9

If you have changed your address, please let us know. We should be pleased to send you our Autumn Catalogue.

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WESTON. Very attractive for Autumn days is this Blue Woollen Dress with its Border of many colours.

Sizes: Hips 36, 38

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Hips 40, 10/6 extra



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For Chilly Nights

EXCLUSIVE TO
DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

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This long-sleeved nightdress is in pure nunsveiling; it opens in front with turned-down collar edged narrow washing lace. In pink and white. Larger sizes 10/- extra. 49'6

Also in reliable washing silk satin in every lingerie shade. Larger sizes 10/- extra. 59'6

Warm pyjamas in spotted viyella; becoming tunic has turned-down collar and tie at back, trousers can be worn tight or loose at the ankle. On sage or cherry grounds with white spots. Larger sizes 5'6 extra. 39'6

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Debenhams, Ltd.)

Two Red Mufflers—(Continued from page 128)

I travelled the familiar road to Dover with him.

Everywhere were groups of anxious people; strained-eyed.

"Auf wiedersehn, Jon," said Gerd.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" I cried, standing on those same oily railway lines where I had stood all those years ago. And the same wind buffeted.

The last I saw of my friend, as the unhappy old Channel boat sidled away from the quay, was his waving hand and twirling red muffler, breasting him with a familiarity that stung. He said, later, that mine waved black against Dover's green-white chalkiness.



Lenore

SON OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The Hon. Standish ("Standy") Vereker, son of Lord Gort, gave up the political career for which he had prepared at, amongst other places, Munich, to join the army as soon as war broke out, and is now in training

We were reconnoitring, half a dozen of us, over enemy territory, when, suddenly, "they" were upon us. Hammer and tongs we went for each other, for hours it seemed.

Soon I was completely cut off from the others, and the enemy machines as well; excepting one rasping little fighter that I could not shake off.

It was my first fight in the air, but, strangely, I was not afraid. It seemed so unreal and dream-like to be up there in the autumn sky, with meringue clouds all around me, and death, perhaps, at my tail.

I could hear his bullets whizzing by. There was a splutter as one of my wings ripped open. I side-slipped and turned, but could not shake him off. First I was above; then he. We dived and spun in a gruesome game of snakes and ladders.

My machine gun spluttered: T-t-t-t-t, and I thought I had his petrol tank, but wasn't sure.

He must have got me hundreds of miles off my course, when suddenly I saw my chance. The enemy plane was immediately below me. I circled and dived straight for him, firing my machine gun all the time.

As I straightened my machine I had time to see the face of that other pilot; the face, russet in the autumn sunset; the face I loved so well! And from his forehead gushed his red blood, blood that mingled darkly with the crimson of his defiant woollen muffler. . . .

It was over neutral country that we both fell. Gerd so mutilated, by my hand . . . I with a crushed arm, and winged plane.

We do not talk much of what followed, of what happened to us in our little private hell.

The nuns nursed us back to comparative health . . . but . . . Gerd still could not . . . see.

Then peace came to Europe and we found ourselves in England once again. Oxford's England, of course. Not a hundred miles from Long Wall. Gerd taps with his white stick, my sleeve is empty, with an annoying obviousness. But we are happy, and today, oh joy of joys! Gerd could see, just faintly, for the first time. They had said in Harley Street that he would, but we had nearly ceased to hope.

We may meet you in the High one day, Gerd and I.

You'd know us by the red woollen mufflers that we always wear.

THE END.



Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MARK TENNYSON

The second son of the cricketing peer Lord Tennyson and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, sister of Lord Glenconner, is in the Senior Service and has served on the West Indies station. He was born in 1920. Lord Tennyson, now back in uniform, was in the Rifle Brigade Reserve of Officers, on the outbreak of war and has also served in the Coldstream Guards. He captained England v. Australia in 1921. His home county is Hampshire

BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP

GOLF WEEKEND

October 27-28-29, 1939—10th YEAR

promoted by

THE BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

It is confirmed that this famous and popular golf meeting, which is familiar to many readers of this Journal, will be

HELD AS USUAL

EVENTS:

Saturday, October 28

Stapleford Four-ball Foursomes
under handicap

Sunday, October 29

Scratch and Handicap Events
over 18 and 36 holes

VALUABLE FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES IN EACH EVENT

Entries and inquiries to

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Chairman and Organizer, Parkstone Golf Club

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A. BICH, MANAGER, BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

'Phone: BOURNEMOUTH 4000

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor (temporary address: Laversham Hall, Windlesham, Surrey), urgently ask your help for a poor paralysed woman, who has been completely bed-ridden since the age of five. She is 52, and has managed to earn a little throughout her life by needlework, but now she has reached the stage when she can no longer sit up in bed. Until recently she was cared for by her old mother but she too, has now become practically bed-ridden. Will those who read this appeal send the Friends of the Poor something to enable them to send 5/- a week for one year. Their need in these days of stress is greater than ever.

Having successfully launched the première of *The French for Love* with Alice Delysia and Hugh Wakefield—it has been arranged to transfer this delightful comedy to the Criterion—last

Monday, October 23rd, saw the presentation of the new comedy-drama by Henry Smalley, entitled *New Lamps for Old*.

The action of the play shows the difference in the handling of staff and workmen by the son, as compared with the control by the father, thereby contrasting the methods of the older generation with those of the younger.

The play is an interesting study of social and economical importance although it has many moments of excellent comedy. The cast will include: Herbert Lomas, Fred Groves, Margaret Withers, Hubert Gregg, Robert Rendel, Rosemary Scott and—an artiste whose return to the theatre will be very welcome—Andrew Osborn. The production will be by Harold Clayton, with setting and décor by Sidney Gausden.



HORSE AMBULANCE

Evidence that the "noble animal" has not been entirely banished from our armed forces is seen in this picture of the first gift to H.M. Forces from the R.S.P.C.A. Sick and Wounded Horses Fund

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WAR ANIMALS

The Army Council, in accepting the offer of the services of the R.S.P.C.A. on behalf of animals used with our armed forces, say that they recognize the R.S.P.C.A. as the sole channel through which such voluntary assistance is to be tendered to the Forces of the Crown.

The R.S.P.C.A. does NOT appeal, at the moment, for support for this work; the Society is spending the balance of the fund it raised for sick and wounded horses in the Great War.

But the R.S.P.C.A. DOES appeal for support for its ordinary work, the carrying on of which, owing to war conditions, is extremely difficult. Donations are urgently needed NOW.

The R.S.P.C.A.,
105 Jermyrn Street,
London, S.W.1



DAGNALL DUNCAN

Property of Mrs. Hollingsworth

war work, would make any trials very one-sided, as only a few dogs and owners could attend, and these would therefore in some cases be in a position of winning prizes which they would not do in open competition, which gives them a fictitious value.

The Springer Spaniel is one of the most useful shooting dogs; in fact, he can do almost all that other gun dogs can. He is a handsome well-made dog, and being of a friendly and cheerful nature makes a good friend and companion as well. Undoubtedly, at one time all sporting Spaniels were more or less of the same breed, but had different jobs, the Springer's job being to spring the game from the Hawk and Greyhound. In the "Master of Game," written by the Duke of York who was killed at Agincourt, there is a good description of a Springer which would pass now. Mrs. Hollingsworth has a good kennel of this breed; she sends a photograph of Dagnall Duncan, field trial and show bench winner. She has some well-trained Springers of the same strain for sale, also some four-months-old puppies. One of the best ways of training a satisfactory shooting dog is to train it from puppyhood yourself and these puppies are just the right age to go.

Children have not been the only evacuees, many people living in London who have not time to see to their dogs and yet want to keep them have sent them to boarding

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

October is the month when most field trials take place; there were to have been twenty Retriever trials alone this month. These of course have been cancelled, as was right and proper. Apart from any feeling of the suitability of trials and shows being held, the difficulties of transport, and the fact that almost every one is doing

kennels out of the danger zone. One of the most successful kennels of this kind is the Lincoln Kennels at Farningham, in Kent, the property of Mrs. Nixey. The kennels have been full to overflowing, and she has been up to her eyes in work ever since the near approach of war. She also has a shop in London where any breed of dog



"SCOTTIE" BITCH

Property of Mrs. Douglas Clark



SOME OF THE DOGS

At Mrs. Nixey's Kennels

can be bought. The photograph is of some of the breeds kept. In addition to all this, Mrs. Nixey has her private fancy, Dalmatians, and has done very well in them. With all this on her hands she has very little time to spare, just as well in these days! Mrs. Nixey will fetch dogs to be evacuated from any part of London and the Home Counties.

Mrs. Douglas Clark has had a well-known kennel of Cairns for some years, and lately has gone in for Scotties as well, though she has not had them long she has done well and has some high-class specimens. The photograph is of her bitch, Princess Charming, taken just after she had won a first at Richmond Show. Mrs. Clark writes, "Owing to the outbreak of war, I have two particularly nice young adults, black show bitches, for sale, also a six-months-old bitch; they are for sale at give-away prices as I want to reduce my kennel. I have also a pretty dark brindle Cairn dog and an equally pretty red bitch, both four months old, for sale at nominal prices. I am afraid I cannot as usual take them to London to be seen but clients can rely on my giving a perfectly clear description of these dogs." All dog lovers who are in need of a good friend should keep this kennel in mind.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.

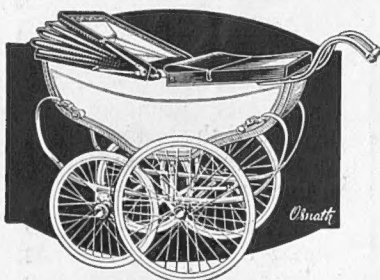
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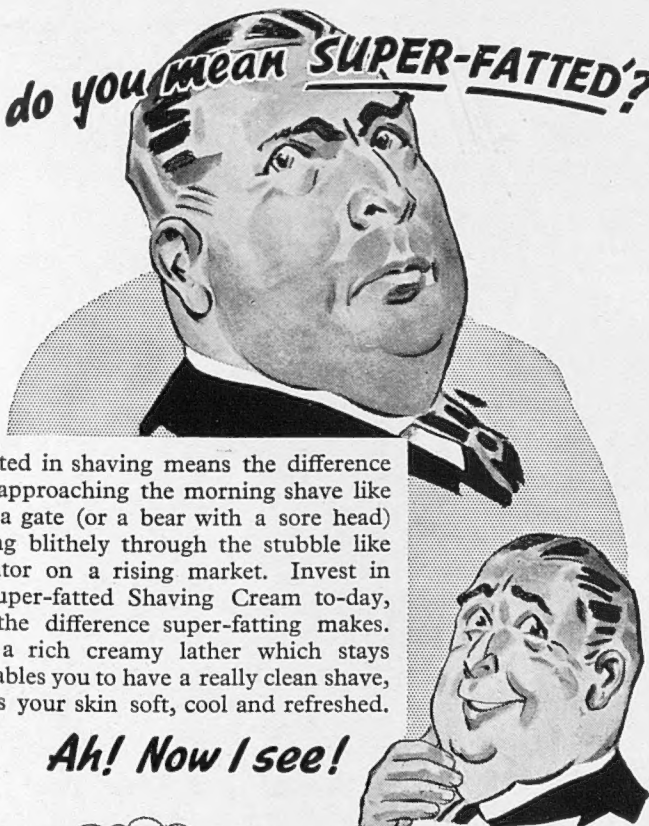
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